

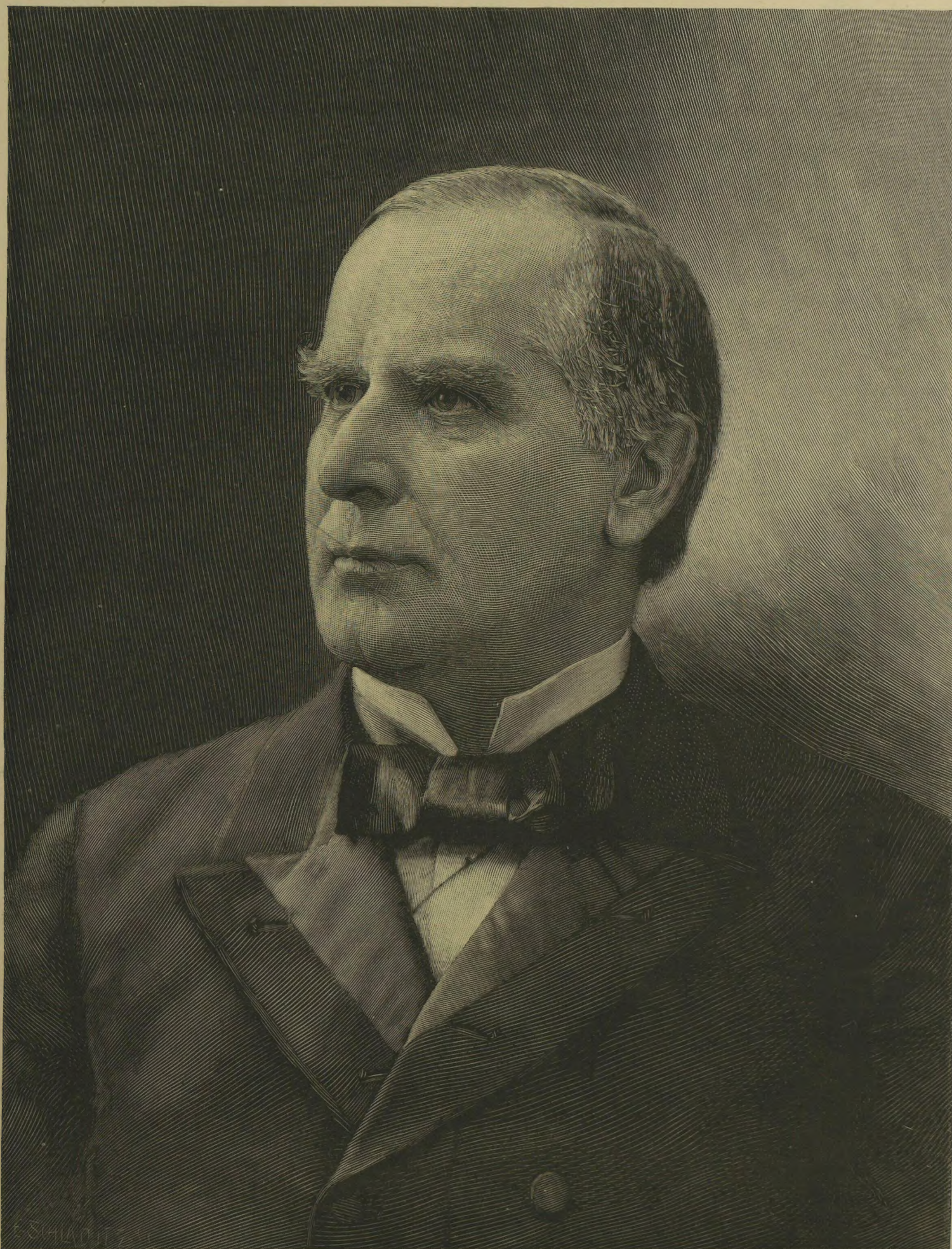
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THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

An essayist—who is almost always a superior person, and not to be classed with the common herd of literary people—has been so good as to express a favourable opinion upon the weather as a topic of conversation. He not only feels, with the majority of the human race, that we should, as conversationalists, be “nowhere” if deprived of this theme, but that it is an interesting subject of itself. It is in this country certainly varied enough, and so rapid in its changes that for six days a week (for on Sundays we should talk of something else), there is something new to be said about it, or, at all events, something that one has not said since last week. Still, I do venture to think that, as a vehicle of humour and pathos (which, after all, are elements of conversation), it requires, like our “growlers,” some renovation and repair. After four thousand years, and, indeed, probably much longer—for the farther we go back the more people, in the complete absence of other topics, must have talked about it: it must have been much more important to Noah and his family, for example, and also the cave people, shut up without books or candles, or even a local paper, and having neither waterproofs nor umbrellas—I say after this enormous lapse of time the subject cannot be otherwise than slightly monotonous. What our essayist, however, has omitted to urge about it is its immense use to chronic invalids and to the aged. They get worse and worse every day, and how dreadful it would be if they had no explanation to offer for it except the true ones—namely, their diseases and Anno Domini! Just as is the case with agricultural affairs, the weather, even though it may be to all appearance perfection, is always bad for something (such as the root-crop), so it can be confidently assumed that it is playing the deuce with us somewhere, our lungs or liver, or the joints of our limbs. “This heat, my dear Sir,” says the kindly visitor, “or this cold, this wet, or this east wind, must be very trying for you,” as though his decrepit or aged friend had not been tried (and sentenced) long ago. The weather was probably as changeable in Job’s time as it is to-day, but it was a subject of consolation which Job’s comforters, of course, dismissed from their minds, because their object was not to console but rather to irritate the Patriarch. If Bildad or Zophar or Eliphaz had been tender-hearted persons, they would not only have ascribed the blowing down of the houses of their friend’s sons to the wind (a fact they could hardly ignore), but also his personal maladies. “The prevalence of this north-easter, my venerable friend, must be very bad for your boils.” We all know how the line these visitors did take upset the Patriarch. If he had lived in the nineteenth century he would probably have kept his temper, and replied with a gentle smile, “You must excuse me, gentlemen, under my sad circumstances, if I am more impressed with the ingenuity of the scheme of creation than with its benevolence.” His case, however, and their brutalities, were a lesson to us, and we understand better how to ascribe the calamities of the sick and the aged to their proper, or, at all events, their more acceptable, cause—the weather.

The chief moral to be drawn from the kidnapping of Sun-Yat-Sen by the officials of the Chinese Embassy is that the civilisation of barbarous nations, however well veneered, does not touch their grain. The belief to the contrary is a popular one, because if it were true it would be to our own advantage quite as much as to themselves; but the fact is, it takes a long while to make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear, though the manufactory is constantly going on. The exceptional privileges of persons connected with the Embassy of a European Power have only been once abused in this country—unfortunately for the offender, in Cromwell’s time, who incontinently hanged him. But with Eastern nations the idea of a privilege is something whereby some wrong may be committed with impunity, or some advantage unfairly taken. It is very doubtful whether our habit of treating Shahs and Sultans with the same delicate diplomacy that we use to more civilised rulers is a wise one. They either laugh in their sleeves at us, or get the impression—as happens with all bullies when attempts are made to conciliate them—that we are afraid of them. The late unpleasantness will no doubt turn out to be to our advantage; kidnapping in Embassies will afford plots for novels, and afford explanations to erring husbands for their mysterious absences from home.

While we have many new inventions for health and comfort, some old ones not only go out of fashion but out of existence. A couple of generations ago few members of the female sex in the country were unprovided with pattens. Goloshes have taken their place, but they cannot keep the feet out of the mud, though they prevent their getting wet. With all their convenience and superior neatness they also “draw” and chill the feet. No doubt pattens are at first a little hard to manage, so as to preserve one’s equilibrium—like stilts and snowshoes—but our grandmothers found no difficulty in walking in them, and did not catch nearly so many colds as our sisters. The recent wet weather has prompted a desire among ladies to procure pattens for use in the country, but I am told such

things are not to be bought anywhere. The typical couplet—

See the ladies how they walk—
Pittle-pattle, pittle-pattle,

may have had reference to this kind of clog, the noise of which in movement it seems to describe. What has become of the pattens, which certainly neither worm nor moth could destroy? Also, what has become of their contemporaries, the bone or ivory apple-scoops which delighted us old folks in our childhood? How skilful some of us were to excavate the whole fruit, so as to leave the goodly apple absolutely empty, like a Chinese lantern! Moreover, how it saved the teeth from aching in eating it! And now, I am told, in all the length and breadth of London there is no shop where you can get an apple-scoop!

From the earliest ages, wherever there has been anything seriously amiss in the human family, the fault has always been laid upon the woman. “The woman tempted me,” whined our first parent, “and I did eat”; and in the latest times the philosopher and the detective are agreed in saying, “Cherchez la femme” on every occasion of wrongdoing. It is, indeed, well understood that one of the chief uses of a wife is to excuse what is amiss in a husband; but it is only quite recently that the same responsibility has been laid upon a fiancée. A railway passenger was summoned for travelling without a ticket and endeavouring to evade the collector at Reigate by the word “Season,” which did not, however, form an “Open, Sesame!” His defence was that he was engaged to a young person, and so intoxicated with his happiness and so constantly thinking about her that he was not responsible for his actions; and that was why he exclaimed “Season!” Now, if he had been “half-sharp,” as the vulgar term it, he should have said that her name was Susan, and that the gatekeeper had mistaken the word; but Love seems to have taken away from him all powers of invention. It is curious that these hallucinations seem always by some kindly law of nature to benefit those who are victims to them and never by any chance work to their disadvantage. If the above incident had not been in the prosaic columns of the police report, it would have been difficult to believe it; but if we had been told that the infatuated young man’s delusion had caused him to pay twice over for his ticket, instead of not purchasing one at all, it would have been absolutely incredible.

The fiat has gone forth at last against the old Chain Pier at Brighton. Threatened peers, as we know, live long, but the fate of this one is to be kept (literally) in suspense no longer. It was no “new creation,” but the oldest of all the piers, and has seen strange events in its time. Once a tempest smote it asunder, and left the Pier-head isolated, with some visitors on it, if I remember right, who had never been so much at sea before. But the memories that cling to it are mostly those of youth and childhood. It forms the earliest recollection of many old people of the upper and middle classes. They patronised its queer little shops, and bought things that nobody ever thought of selling, far less of eating, anywhere else. One after another has closed its tiny doors in these latter years, and only afforded shelter from the winds and precarious privacy to loving couples under its lee. What became of the proprietors, to what art or science they betook themselves, after their somewhat limited experience of commercial life, will never be known. They must have missed the tread of little feet and their childish customers, and I fear, could scarcely have qualified themselves for other callings. In those bygone times it was not thought wicked to visit the Bazaar at the Pier-foot and indulge in the wild delights of the Wheel of Fortune. The greatest treat of all was to visit the Camera Obscura, and behold—ourselves unseen—the goings-on of our fellow-creatures; and there are legends of this having been accomplished in some instances very much to their embarrassment.

The public interest in carrier-pigeons and their doings seems to be considerable, and I have received many communications on the subject: one of them, dated King’s College, Cambridge, is exceptionally noteworthy as regards the powers of “home finding.” It is not, indeed, more curious than those attributed to dogs, but seems better authenticated—

The fine spire of St. Giles’s, Camberwell, is the nesting-place of large numbers of pigeons. I was curate there seven years. In about 1889 the verger gave some just-fledged birds to a boy living near the church and next door to my own lodgings. In three months this boy went to learn his trade of cabinet-making (this is incidentally interesting) from London to Ambleside, and took the pair of birds to a relative there as a gift. Upon the third day after this gift had been carried away from London it returned of itself; yet its safe deposit at Ambleside is beyond doubt. It is quite certain that two young pigeons, of no particular breed and of no experience, found their way from Ambleside to Camberwell in less than three days. It would have surprised me had they come from Islington only—but Ambleside!

On the other hand, one who has had a long experience in the training of pigeons puts the idea of instinct quite aside. What is accomplished, he insists, is the result of only observation and experience. A homing pigeon, when liberated, climbs up in a large spiral till he is so high that he is nearly out of sight. As soon as he catches sight of his home, or the direction of his home, he makes for it. When flying about at liberty, he has also the habit of

towering and looking about him. Thus he gets to know the whole lay of his neighbourhood—

I train my birds by first taking them ten miles off. As soon as they have climbed, they of course see their home and go for it, but during this climb they have also learnt all the country for another distance of ten miles all round. Now suppose that for this first fly they have been taken due north of home, and that when liberated ten miles north of home, they at the highest point of their climb have noticed a church-steeple ten miles north of them. This spire is, therefore, twenty miles due north of their home. Next time they are taken out thirty miles due north from home; when they have climbed they will notice this church-steeple due south of them, will know that this is the steeple which is the line for home, and will go straight for it and past it home.

There are very few lost birds, and if there are old birds to fly with the novices, they show the way. Now, to prove it is only sight and not instinct—

I had “Antwerps” which for several years had flown the twenty miles from my shooting-lodge to the doctor, and used to do it under the half-hour on fine days, when they could see well; but on a misty day they would refuse to go, and sit moping on the roof till it cleared; also, if it was getting too late in the day to see properly they refused to go, although it was a journey I could have gone myself in the thickest mist, as they had only to follow the river all the way. But the river wound about, and they only flew direct lines across country.

This gentleman will probably be very sceptical about those pigeons that flew from Ambleside to Camberwell. My clergyman friend is, of course, perfectly trustworthy as regards his own share in the matter; but he did not fly the birds himself, and must therefore (as in the case of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the dog-stories) have received his information at second-hand.

A cure for too much *embonpoint* in ladies has been discovered at Chicago. It has an alarming title, the “Somersault Cure”; it consists, however, merely in waltzing—

The waltz that loveth the lady’s waist is also capable, it seems, of contracting it; let us hope this does not occur from the partner’s squeezing it. From the context it would appear that this is not the case, since ladies of an age at which partners are difficult to find derive benefit from the system. “After a little practice a woman of fifty finds the turning of somersaults most exhilarating, while it quickly reduces the size of the waist.” One would like to know whether this theory is corroborated by the slimmest of dancing dervishes, who notoriously waltz alone.

“The Grey Man” is a worthy successor of “The Raiders,” which of all Mr. Crockett’s now numerous novels it most resembles. There is even a greater plenty of adventure in it, quite as picturesque descriptions, and the novelty of a couple of heroines. The breeze of the mountains with the scent of the heather forms its atmosphere, unless where it mingles with the smell of the sea. It is not a domestic story in the way one usually understands the phrase, and, indeed, a family feud is its subject, but there are such glimpses of hearth and home in it as may well bring smiles to those who are loved and tears to those who have lost. The amenities of life in Carrick in King James’s time are graphically but humorously described. The hero and his friend are journeying incognito in a district not favourable to their party, and stop at a farm nominally pertaining to their lord. “This belongs to the Earl of Cassillis, does it not?” he inquires—

The mistress of Chapelodnan looked pityingly at us. “Ye are twa well-put-on men to be so ignorant. Ye maun hae been lang awa’ ‘rae this part o’ the country no to ken that the neighbourhood is very unhealthy for the friends o’ the Earl o’ Cassillis to come here. Faith, the last that cam’ speerin’ for rent and mails in this quarter gat six inch o’ could steel in the wame o’ him!”

“And what,” said the Dominic, “became o’ him after that? Did he manage to recover?”

“Na, na. He was buried in Colmonel kirkyaird. The good man of Boghead gied him a rest-grave and a headstone. It was thought to be very kind o’ him. It was Boghead himsel’ that stickit him.”

“Ye see what it is to be a Christian, good wife!” said the Dominic.

“Ou ay, lad,” said the woman placidly. “That was generally remarked on at the time. Ye see, I oghead was aye a forgiein’ man a’ his days. But for a’ that, it was the general opinion o’ the parish that the thing might be carried ower far when it cam’ to setting up my Lord of Cassillis’s folks wi’ graves and headstones!”

There are some recipes for courtship, especially applicable to young gentlemen who have not confined their attentions to one object. They are eloquently exhorted at least not to make their bye-courting near home—

On my very life I dared not venture a sweet word to Nell Kennedy for fear of her saying, “That is even what you said to Kate Allison, the grievous lass.” Or as it might, “Keep to your customs. It is not your usual time yet by a quarter of an hour to put your arm about our waists.”

The staple of the tale is, however, warfare as it was carried on in those early times and far-away places, nor has it often so fit a chronicler. Mr. Crockett is prodigal in his usage of old customs, superstitions, and legends, and is especially at home with the ordeal by touch, which still, perhaps, forms a substitute for a coroner’s inquest in his native land. In one thing he is greatly daring: he is the first to renew our acquaintance with that sanguinary idol of our boyhood, Sawney Bean, before whose ordinary food-supply “The Douglas Larder” fades into insignificance. It may be argued that the book is a mere string of adventure, but it might be said with equal justice that a necklace is a mere string of pearls.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Amid profound excitement, without parallel in the annals of American Presidential elections, the stirring campaign which has of late absorbed public interest throughout the United States resulted on Tuesday last in the election of Major William McKinley, the Republican candidate, by an enormous majority. The day of election was a general holiday throughout the length and breadth of the land, and every polling centre formed a scene of expectant animation, the voting everywhere being heavier than at any previous election. Public order was well maintained, however, in spite of rival demonstrations, save in certain districts of Kentucky and Philadelphia, which were disturbed by a good deal of street brawling. Both candidates awaited the result at their own homes, Mr. McKinley at Canton, Ohio, and Mr. Bryan at Lincoln, Nebraska. Early in the morning Mr. McKinley voted the Republican ticket at the local poll, refusing all offers of escort or demonstration, and taking his place in the ordinary line of voters. Mr. Bryan voted the Democratic ticket in almost as quiet a fashion, though he did not restrain the ardour of his supporters to the extent of refusing their escort to the poll. Curiously enough, before voting he was obliged to obtain his certificate of citizenship, since his absence on his political campaign had prevented him from registering himself in the usual fashion. The rapidly increasing majority of Major McKinley rendered the result more and more a foregone conclusion as the polling progressed, and as it became known that several formerly Democratic States were yielding majorities for the Republican candidate. But the day's announcements were not without a sensational element, for Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, proved to have won by heavy majorities in certain States, notably in Mississippi by fifty thousand, and in Georgia by forty thousand. A feather in the victorious Republicans' cap is undoubtedly Major McKinley's majority of thirteen thousand in Mr. Bryan's own State of Nebraska. We give a portrait of the new President, and on other pages of this issue will be found biographical studies of both victor and vanquished.

THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

The forty-first exhibition of the Kennel Club, which was held recently at the Crystal Palace, proved altogether one of the most successful of the long series. In number of entries, indeed, the exhibition eclipsed all its predecessors, and it may be doubted whether a larger or more representative show of sporting dogs has ever been brought together. Among the rarer animals of foreign breed there were some particularly fine exhibits—notably the Prince of Wales's beautiful Siberian sledge-dog, Luskra R., which deservedly emerged the victor of its class, and an Australian dingo, the property of Mrs. Brooke, which carried off the reserve card. The bloodhounds numbered some of the finest specimens seen of late, and the Great Danes formed a strong class. The Duchess of Newcastle's Borzois, Velasquez, attracted a good deal of admiration, which was tempered only in the minds of the uncritical but loyal section of the public which would have liked to see the Princess of Wales's Alex rank higher than third. Mr. G. R. Sims' Barney Barnato, which took one of the Berrie cups, was also a centre of interest, though he is not yet such a celebrity as the same owner's Billy Greet. In the fox-terrier class there were some two hundred exhibits to complicate the process of selection, and the spaniels made a strong show. But it would be impossible in the space here available to make individual mention of the many prize-winners and other interesting animals of the exhibition. Our Artist has depicted a selected number on another page, and for the rest it must suffice to record the general success of the show and the high average of excellence attained by most of the exhibits.

THE ARCHBISHOP-DESIGNATE AT WESTMINSTER.

There was a large and distinguished gathering of persons interested in the parochial and philanthropic work of which St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, is the centre, to welcome the Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury, when, on Saturday last, he formally opened the Pepys Mission House in Rochester Row. Among those present to receive Dr. Temple were the Bishop of Marlborough, Canon Duckworth, Canon Furse, the Rev. W. H. G. Twining, Vicar of St. Stephen's, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. Dr. Temple's approach to the new House, along Rochester Row, was made through an avenue of members of the various clubs of the parish, and after his entry he was welcomed by Mr. Burdett-Coutts in a graceful speech of congratulation. Dr. Temple, said the speaker, had been eleven years a great head master, fifteen years Bishop of a western county that had given England some of her noblest sons, the first representative of a new Bishopric, and eleven years Bishop of the greatest city in the world—a record which by its force and continuity had earned the consummation it had now received. The Archbishop-Designate, in his reply, dwelt upon the ever-growing importance and complexity of social work in large parishes, and expressed his hope that the new Mission House, as the headquarters of the several clubs and guilds of the parish, would become in very deed a centre of energy and social well-being in Westminster.

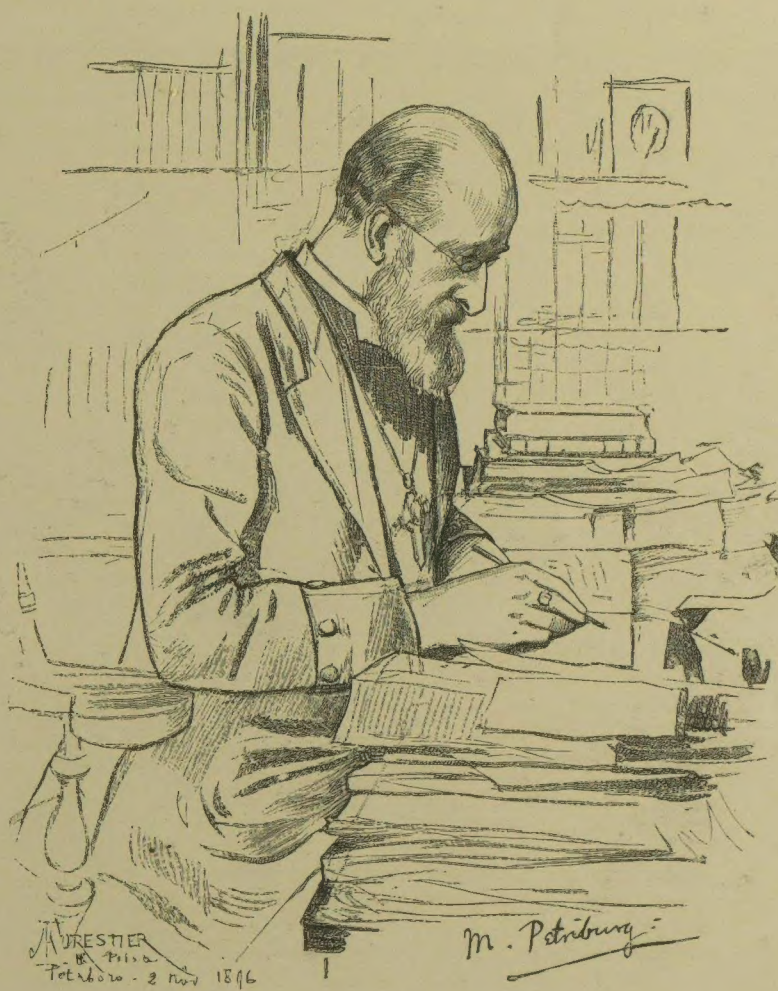
The new building, which is a handsome structure of ecclesiastical character, though still incomplete through

lack of funds, has been erected by subscription as a memorial to the late Lady Emily Pepys, who was a constant and devoted worker in the parish. It is intended to form a permanent home for the various clubs and other social and educational movements of the parish.

THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON.

The appointment of the Bishop of Peterborough to the See of London began to get abroad late last week, and was officially announced on Sunday. It was received with the satisfaction which usually accompanies any preferment based upon what may be called "public form," for Dr. Mandell Creighton has within the last year or two come into the front rank of the episcopate, and drawn towards himself the confidence as well as the attention of the great majority of Churchmen.

London had last a West countryman for its Bishop; now it will have a Bishop from the Borders. Dr. Mandell Creighton was born in 1843, at Carlisle, a city with which his name and family have long been honourably associated. He was educated first at the grammar school of his native town and then at that of Durham. Thence he passed to Merton College, Oxford, as a Post Master. He took a first in classics (as one on the foundation school), and then a second in the old School of Law and Modern History, in which two other future Bishops—Dr. Jayne, of Chester, and Dr. Talbot, of Rochester—were about the same time winning distinction. For a time he worked as Fellow and tutor of his College; but having taken orders in 1870 (when Dr. Temple was already a bishop), he accepted in 1875 the college living of Embleton, Northumberland. Here he began that series of historical publications which have



THE BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF LONDON:
THE RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.
Drawn from Life by our Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

placed his name high among the writers of ecclesiastical history; and here, too, he came under the notice of Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham. It was this connection which opened to the Oxford scholar a position at Cambridge. When, in 1884, the Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History was founded, Canon Creighton was asked to fill the chair. He proved a successful and popular teacher, Gorton and Newnham sending willing hearers to supplement the array of budding clergy. He was almost at once given a canonry at Worcester. Steadily increasing his hold upon public attention, Dr. Creighton was in 1890 appointed to the See of Rochester on the departure of Dr. Magee for his all too brief rule at York.

Dr. Creighton is a decided High Churchman, and so may mark for London a distinct change from the complete tolerance of Bishop Temple and the mild Evangelical flavour of Jackson and Tait. But he is a man of much tact and knowledge of affairs, and is not likely to embark upon any policy which would accentuate the divisions of Churchmen within his new diocese. Although still a young man, he is very far from being the most junior of the prelates. The Bishops of Winchester, St. Asaph, Bath and Wells, Newcastle, Chester, Rochester, and Bangor are all younger.

The coming of Mrs. Creighton to the diocese should act as a stimulus to women's work in London. The daughter of a Russian merchant who had settled at Sydenham, she married Mr. Creighton when he was a young Oxford Don. In conjunction with Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Max Müller, Mrs. Thomas Hill Green and others, she aided to found what has since become the Oxford Association for the Education of Women. She has toiled hard for the Union of Women Workers, and has been one of the most attractive speakers at its annual gatherings. Mrs. Creighton is also, like the Bishop, the author of some works on history, and is keenly interested in affairs.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There is only one feeling among Churchmen as to Lord Salisbury's recent appointments: he has performed the rare feat of pleasing all men. The High Churchmen claim Dr. Creighton, the Low Churchmen Mr. Carr-Glyn, the Broad Churchmen Dr. Temple. Yet not one of these men is in bad odour with the other parties; nor can any one of them be deemed unworthy of the distinction conferred. People are all the better pleased because things have been done so promptly. There has been no time for jealousies to grow and hereafter embarrass the future work of the three prelates.

The choice of an old pupil of the Dean of Llandaff to fill the See of Peterborough, the Rev. and Hon. E. Carr-Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, recalls the unparalleled services Dean Vaughan has rendered to the Church in training—wholly as a labour of love—University men for holy orders. He began the work in 1861 with four graduates; in other years as many as eighteen or twenty read with him. The total number influenced cannot fall short of 450, and they include some of the most distinguished of the younger men in the Church. One of the few occasions on which Dean Vaughan has been known to write with asperity was when a Welsh tax-collector asked for an account of the income he drew from taking pupils.

Much sympathy is felt for the Rev. Dr. Barlow, Vicar of Islington, who has lost a son, a promising young Oxford man.

Mr. Martin Tilby, who succeeds the Rev. H. G. Dickson and Mr. G. F. Mortimer in the Secretaryship of the "Amalgamated Body," formed from the Central Church Committee and the Church Defence Institution, has been for thirteen years Secretary of the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association. He has long been an active Conservative worker, and a prominent member of the Constitutional Club. He also has rendered considerable service to the cause of the Voluntary Schools. Mr. Tilby is still young, but endowed with organising power, tact, geniality, and "go."

Manchester has been the scene this week of the anniversary of the O.M.S. Gleaners' Union. The proceedings lasted from Sunday till Wednesday, and exhibited in a striking way the far-reaching ramifications of this vast organisation.

The feeling that definite doctrinal teaching is a want of the day is not confined to the Church. The Welsh Congregationalists have found it out, and are preparing literature setting forth their principles, with an especial eye to the retaining of their own young people.

MUSIC.

The musical season has now well got into the midway of its existence. Colonne has come and gone, leaving a fine reputation of good solid work behind him, but scarcely satisfying his London audiences with the choice of his programmes. He elected to introduce to our hearing a number of local composers, who no doubt in a smaller than our actual world have quite a reasonable reputation for talent, not to say circumscribed genius. Unluckily this is not the thing one looks for from a crack orchestra that has travelled from another country to show us its possibilities. Nevertheless, let it be recorded that when he did decide to give us great music, as in the case of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," he proved himself fully equal to his great reputation. In a word, he plays Berlioz as nobody else either does or can play him. The last two movements of this great symphony were incomparably fine.

M. Colonne was succeeded at the Queen's Hall by Richter, who has given three successive concerts on the last three Mondays, stepping from success to success. His first concert was voted a trifle dull. The programme was poor, and Richter almost seemed as if he had been overworking. The second was far more engrossing, although perhaps the now famous "Till Eulenspiegel" of Richard Strauss was treated with too gentlemanly a forbearance. At this concert was produced a little Symphonic Poem by Dvorák for the first time. It was played with much delicacy and fine sentiment, but it is not a work that will do anything towards increasing the musical fame of the composer. The third concert, however, of last Monday was the triumph of the series, when, after certain selections from Wagner had been finely played, the concert was concluded by a magnificent interpretation of the Choral Symphony. Richter's spirit of knowledge, of breadth, and of self-confidence, pervaded his band; and he regained by that effort far more than he could ever have lost a fortnight before by his seeming lassitude.

Herr Michael Balling is engaged in London just now upon the agreeable task of introducing Herr Ritter's Viola-Alta to the English public. The Viola-Alta, it must be observed, is to take the place of the viola, which, as is well known, has always been reckoned something of an unsatisfactory instrument. Herr Balling plays upon the new substitute with spirit and strength; it has a fine depth of tone, although perhaps a trifle lacking in brilliance. It is rather a pity, moreover, that Herr Balling should have chosen to give us his trial in no other combination but with the pianoforte. As a matter of fact, one is at present compelled to judge, as it were, from instinct and intuition, as to what the effect would be in the regulation quartet. At this concert, let it be added, Mlle. St. André sang a song from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," with much charm and refinement.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XVII.—MALPLAQUET.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

The great War of the Spanish Succession, dragging on from year to year with a slowness that would seem intolerable and prove ruinous to modern nations, was yet turning more and more decisively against Louis XIV. Overmatched in wealth, in numbers, and especially in generalship, by the Grand Alliance directed by Marlborough and Eugene of Savoy, the exhausted kingdom of France was feeling its danger. Blenheim had lost the French their Bavarian ally, and reduced them to the defensive on the Rhine; Ramillies drove them from most of the Spanish Netherlands, and Turin from Italy; the partial recovery of 1708 had ended in defeat at Oudenarde and the loss of Lille, and the barrier of fortresses was nearly broken down. Another great defeat might bring the Allies to the gates of Paris.

Louis had sued for peace; but the terms offered by the exulting Allies were too hard of acceptance, and the old King, throwing off for a time the haughty isolation of the absolute monarch, appealed to his starving people for one last effort. Exhausted as France was, there were men

the sanguinary battles of the American Civil War, an attack on earthworks and through a forest.

Marlborough had wished to attack at once, but the Dutch objected, and meanwhile Villars was strengthening his position. The allied troops were still coming up from Tournay, but the delay cost far more than the worth of the reinforcements. The French camp was now a fortress, and the allied veterans declared they were making war on moles. Not till Sept. 11 did the Allies advance to the attack. Each army was over ninety thousand; the Allies had more cannon and more seasoned troops, the French a stronger position. As the morning mist cleared away, the Allies went forward. The Prince of Orange (of the Frisian branch), with the troops in the Dutch service, moved on the French works, resting on the wood of Lanière; the centre advanced towards the line of entrenchments, covering the opening between the woods, while the main attack was to be made on the wood of Taisnière, which jutted out like a bastion. Eugene

woods, from which the French had moved to the flanks. Lord Orkney broke through the half-manned line; the grand allied battery of forty cannon was pushed forward, and the captured guns turned on the retiring French.

The battle was won. In vain did Boufflers, now in command, charge to recover the central works: his men were mown down by the Allies' cannon. The wood of Taisnière was carried by Eugene, and the Prince of Orange, helped by a flank attack, stormed the works on the French right. Though divided by the allied centre, the French drew off in good order, and their masses rejoined beyond reach. Marlborough's forces were too exhausted to follow up. The Allies had lost fully 20,000 men killed and wounded in this terrible battle—nearly a half of them in the disastrous assaults of the Prince of Orange. The French loss was far less, owing to their fighting under cover till the close of the action. Villars, with his customary bragging, put it at 6000; probably it was rather more than twice as much. Many men of note were slain



THE PRAYER AT 3 A.M. BEFORE THE BATTLE.

and arms, and the best General of France, the brave Villars, was placed at the head of over a hundred thousand men for the campaign of 1709 in Flanders. Marlborough and Eugene had an equal force, and their troops were veterans, though a motley collection of English, Dutch, Danes, Prussians, Hessians, Hanoverians, and Austrians.

Villars, not wishing to risk the last army of France in a pitched battle, had entrenched his troops near Douay. But Marlborough, finding the camp too strong to storm, moved off by night to invest Tournay. After a two months' murderous siege, the town, and then the citadel, surrendered. Villars, unable to interrupt the siege, now barred the way to Mons, the next great frontier fortress; but again, by a rapid march, Marlborough turned the French lines and invested the city, the moment the citadel of Tournay fell.

Villars, uncertain hitherto where the blow would fall, now pushed forward to save the fortress; and on Sept. 7 news of his advance towards Mons came to the allied Generals, who moved to meet him. South of Mons, near the village of Malplaquet, lies a plateau, mostly wooded, where the French took up their position. Their right wing rested on the wood of Lanière; the left was thrown into the wood of Taisnière. Between the two lay a little plain, across which a line of entrenchments was drawn. The wings, advanced into the woods, were covered by strong works and felled trees. Villars meant to fight a defensive battle, and Malplaquet was to be like one of

commanded on the right, and the wood was assailed on three sides; Marlborough leading on the charge from the right of his centre, which had pushed forward between the woods. General Withers, bringing his troops from Tournay across the country, turned the French left flank, and the Allies pushed on in a murderous and doubtful fight through the woods.

But meanwhile disaster threatened Marlborough's left. The Prince of Orange, anxious to win a name—perhaps to revive the old supremacy of his house—assaulted the strong works on the French right. Two Highland regiments, led by Tullibardine, headed the storming party, and carried the lines with a rush. But Marshal Boufflers hurried up his reserves; Tullibardine was killed, the works regained, and the fresh assaults of the Prince of Orange repulsed with frightful loss. Marlborough and Eugene had both to gallop to the left to reform the broken lines and repulse the French counter attack.

Reassured by this triumph, Villars drew troops from his centre to strengthen his left, now endangered by the flank attack of Withers. Eugene hurried back to the allied right. Both Generals led on their troops in person. Eugene was wounded in the head, but pressed on. Villars was shot in the knee, and carried fainting from the field in the chair where he was sitting to watch the fight. The loss of their beloved commander caused confusion among the French; Marlborough, seizing the moment, ordered his centre to charge on the line of works between the

or wounded on both sides—among the latter the Pretender, who held a command in the French army. Even Marlborough's iron nature was broken down by his frightful losses. "A very murdering battle," he called it, and such a slaughter for so little profit helped his enemies at home in working against him.

The Allies took Mons, but there their successes ended. Villars had lost the field, but only the field; France in her extremity had found new resource and new vigour. The Dutch were disheartened by the fearful losses of their troops; the zeal of the Allies began to cool. Malplaquet was a French defeat; but it saved France. A. R. R.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A railway carriage might not be regarded as a fruitful or likely place for philosophical discussion, but it is very curious to note the occasional development of a highly interesting argument between the companions whom chance has temporarily thrown together in the train. The other day a party of us were indulging in "the fragrant weed" in the course of a railway journey, when one member made the remark that it was curious that smoking was utterly unenjoyable in the dark. Whenever the train entered a tunnel, everybody's delight in pipe or cigar seemed to be extinguished. This is an old observation, of course; but it is renewed every now and then with a perennial

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XVII.—MALPLAQUET.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

MARLBOROUGH STUDIES HIS MAPS SEATED ON MALPLAQUET CHURCHYARD WALL.

freshness that betokens difficulty in the way of solving the problem. It is undeniable, I think, that the vast majority of smokers enjoy their pipe or cigar only in the light. In the dark, in my own case, not merely is all sense of enjoyment lost, but the actual sense of taste of the tobacco is, for the time being, inhibited. I wonder if many of my fellow-smokers experience a similar result. The company in the railway carriage the other day were unanimous regarding the impossibility of smoking in the dark with any ordinary sense of delight in the weed at all. I could not discover, however, that all sense of taste of the tobacco being lost was as characteristic of my fellow-travellers as it was of my own case.

I should be glad to hear from any of the readers of this column whether their experiences coincide or differ from mine upon this general state of affairs; and it would also be instructive to learn if blind men (who certainly often enjoy a whiff) are conscious of the tobacco flavour. There may be a difference, too, of importance, to be noted between the case of a person born blind, and one whose blindness has been acquired. I shall be indebted to anyone who can afford me any information concerning these points.

With reference to a note of mine on the danger of drinking water from syphons (the water having been simply aerated), Mr. Prince, of the Apollinaris Company, has courteously drawn my attention to a series of experiments which prove that in such waters the germs of typhoid fever may live for at least a fortnight. It appears that the typhoid germs which such waters may have originally contained are destroyed by other water-living germs within the period named. There is "a struggle for existence" among germs as among other living beings, and the typhoid bacilli appear to go to the wall in the course of the fight. Cholera microbes, it is satisfactory to note, are more easily killed in aerated waters. They can live for three hours only in such fluids, but the spores of anthrax or splenic fever can

survive for 154 days in aerated beverages. Anthrax is not, however, a disease at all likely to be conveyed by water. It is in no sense a pleasant idea that syphons of aerated water (especially those consumed abroad) should be thus open to grave suspicion of conveying infection; but that cases of typhoid fever which date from a Continental trip must often owe their origin to the use of such beverages, is beyond a doubt. Therefore, I repeat, our only safety abroad is to drink from such waters as Apollinaris, the purity of which cannot be called in question at all.

I scarcely know whether we are intended to take seriously an article on "The Sympsygraph" which appeared in the September issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The article is from the pen of President D. Starr Jordan, who, so far as I know, is not given to perpetrating jokes of a scientific kind, and whose contributions to physiological science I have read from time to time with interest. Mr. Jordan tells us of a club called the Astral Camera Club, organised at Alcalde (America) in November 1895 for purposes of research through the medium of photography. He refers to the work of "Professor Inglis Rogers of London," as producing pictures "in darkness by means of invisible force"; while Mr. Rogers also found "that the invisible waves sent out through the ether by the mind could also affect a sensitive plate." Professor Rogers, we are told, thought of a postage stamp, looked at it for a few minutes, retired to a dark room, gazed through the lens of the camera at the sensitive-plate, and got a photograph of the stamp, "small, and a little blurred, but showing the undoubted features of the Gracious Queen, and the words 'one penny.'"

The Alcalde Astral Camera Club (the word "Astral" sounds suspicious) then set to work to obtain a mental photograph of a cat. Seven of the members having "the greatest animal magnetism" (suspicious term again) remained in darkness and in silence, and fixed their minds on a cat. By a special arrangement of a camera seven mental photos were obtained, and a combined image of a cat (reproduced by Mr. Jordan in the magazine) was obtained. The next thing to be done, he says, is "to photograph the cat's idea of man." In this delicate operation I wish the Astral Club all success; meanwhile, if Mr. Jordan's article is intended for a joke, it is a most excellent piece of fooling, and discounts some of the wild ideas of astral observers and ideographic faddists. If it is not a joke, I shall apologise to Mr. Jordan, and, like *Oliver Twist*, ask for more information concerning this mind-photography.



THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE WOUNDED IN THE ARM.

PERSONAL.

The death of Cardinal Hohenlohe, or, to give him his full name, Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, has removed a picturesque figure from Roman society. For the Cardinal always remained a keen man of affairs, who set before him no ascetic ideals of the priesthood, and his conversational powers and frank geniality made him a *persona grata* in all circles, save perhaps those of his fellow ecclesiastics, to whom he seemed too Italian in his sympathies. Born seventy-three years ago, a brother of the present German Chancellor, Prince Gustavus spent his earlier years studying at Ansbach, at Bonn, and subsequently at Breslau and Munich. After a further period of theological study at Rome, he became a priest, and was appointed by Pope Pío Nono to be his Chamberlain, and subsequently to the office of Almoner. Thirty years ago, when he had for some time been Bishop of Edessa, he was made a Cardinal. After a time he found himself in growing disagreement with the Jesuit authorities, and, in consequence, spent some years in Germany. He returned to Italy, however, about seven years ago, and became Bishop of Albano, but resigned his see in 1884. He was latterly Archpriest of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.



Photo F. de Federici, Rome.
THE LATE CARDINAL HOHENLOHE.

Mr. Bompas, Q.C., has been appointed County Court Judge of Bradford in the room of Judge Gates. Mr. Bompas is better known, perhaps, for his vigorous advocacy of the Unionist cause than for his distinction as a lawyer. He is one of the Nonconformists who refused to follow Mr. Gladstone in the policy of Home Rule.

Mr. Chamberlain has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University by a considerable majority over Mr. Augustine Birrell. Of the two candidates Mr. Birrell had the stronger claim on purely academic grounds. He is an accomplished *littérateur*, a sayer of happy things about books, and a rectorial address from him would have been in the best style of *obiter dicta*. Mr. Chamberlain, in this field, is quite untried. He has made no excursions into literature; he is not a University man; his speeches have many brilliant qualities, but academic culture is not among them. When he quotes an author it is usually a popular humorist. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain is a good French scholar. He acquired his taste for French literature from his friendship with Mr. John Morley. Perhaps he will discourse to the Glasgow students on some much-thumbed volumes with yellow backs.

Dr. Nansen has found Arctic exploration an excellent stroke of business. He is to receive ten thousand pounds for his book, and the *Daily Chronicle* has paid him four thousand for some preliminary articles. This is probably the first time that an Arctic explorer has made a comfortable competence out of his adventures. Nobody grudges this, for Nansen is undoubtedly the most successful of all the pioneers who have taken their lives in their hands within the frozen zone. When it is said, however, that his discoveries represent all we need know about the Arctic regions, this is rather too hasty an assumption that future exploration will be superfluous. Further attempts to reach the Pole will certainly be made, although it is only a mathematical point in a wilderness of ice.

To the lamentably long list of distinguished medical men whose careers have lately been closed by death, the name of Dr. George Harley has now to be added. Dr. Harley came of a family which has for several centuries been prominently connected with the town of Haddington, East Lothian, and, indeed, with the larger issues of Scotch history. At the time of the Reformation, for instance, several members of the family who were Roman Catholic priests were among the more notable converts of John Knox. A Dr. John Harley was Chaplain to James I., and eventually became the first Protestant Bishop of Hereford, while another member of the family was the first Protestant clergyman to be legally inducted in Scotland. Many of the Harley laymen were likewise well known in their day, though not always enviably so, for some of them came by



Photo Jervard, Regent Street.
THE LATE DR. GEORGE HARLEY, F.R.S.

violent ends in sundry times of trouble. The late Dr. Harley was born in 1829, and received his earlier education at the Haddington Burgh Schools, whence he passed to Edinburgh University. Even before he graduated he won considerable prestige by his successful performance of a very exceptional operation, and in 1853 he attracted a good deal of attention by a paper on diabetes which he published in a French medical journal while studying in Paris.

Dr. Harley subsequently pursued his studies at several Continental Universities, and on his return to England became Curator of the Anatomical Museum at University College, London, where he afterwards became Lecturer on Practical Physiology, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, and Hospital Physician. In 1864 he was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and soon afterwards a Fellow of the Royal Society. Many other learned bodies, British and Continental, thereafter delighted to honour him. His "A.C.E." anæsthetic—a mixture of alcohol, chloroform, and ether—has found wide acceptance, and his many valuable contributions to medical literature have given him a permanent place in medical history. Dr. Harley's eldest son, Dr. Vaughan Harley, is Professor of Chemical Pathology at University College, and one of his daughters is Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the author of several popular books of travel.

Among the candidates seen at the municipal elections was Mr. F. S. Jackson, son of Mr. W. Jackson, M.P. Mr. F. S. Jackson is a distinguished cricketer, and the ratepayers of Leeds gravely considered the affinity between cricket and municipal politics. The candidate was not successful; but it is not believed that his failure was due to any lack of appreciation of his prowess in the field. There seemed to have been an apprehension that his devotion to cricket would interfere with his studies of the Leeds water-supply, and other questions of moment to householders. Some day, no doubt, Mr. Jackson will become a municipal councillor all the same, and perhaps we shall hear of an exciting match between the municipalities of Leeds and Birmingham.

A melancholy addition to the list of lamentable deaths for which the risings in Rhodesia are responsible has been made by the news that Major Francis Studert Evans was shot dead during the attack on the rebel Gatz's kraal. The deceased officer, who had rendered good service in the suppression of the revolt, and met his death while pluckily leading a patrol in a spirited attack, was a Major in the 1st Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters, Derbyshire Regiment. He entered the Army in 1878, and served with distinction in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, winning the medal and the Khedive's star.



Photo Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE MAJOR EVANS.

There is an alarm about the price of bread. Owing to the failure of supplies from abroad, chiefly from Argentina and Australia, the stock of wheat has fallen so low that the loaf has gone up a halfpenny, and some pessimists predict that by Christmas the fourpenny loaf may be sevenpence or eightpence. Probably this is an exaggeration, but the actual rise has provoked some disagreeable speculation as to the fate of our food-supply in the event of war.

Hyde Park orators have been taught at last that they must not make a living out of fluency. A gentleman who delivered an address on what he called Christianity and the police called Atheism wound up his discourse with the business-like announcement, "Now we will make a collection, and I hope you will be as liberal as you can." The police nipped the liberality in the bud, and the crowd was not allowed to reward the expounder of doctrine. This is the first case under the new rules, and when they are properly understood, oratory in Hyde Park will, for the most part, become a thing of the past. Probably we shall hear that the law has thrown a number of deserving people out of employment.

The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, had the honour on Saturday last of submitting to the Prince of Wales the model for a portrait-bust of his Royal Highness, which the company have been commissioned to execute in solid silver.

The South-Eastern Railway Company have arranged their through services to the Riviera for the winter season, and announce that, in connection with the 9 a.m. service from Charing Cross and Cannon Street on Thursdays, commencing Nov. 5, a special train de luxe, called the Calais Méditerranée, and composed exclusively of sleeping and restaurant cars, will run through direct from Calais to the Riviera without entering Paris. The 9 a.m. service also connects daily with the 8.25 p.m. train from Paris (Lyon); but luggage registered through from England to stations on the Riviera goes forward by the 7.44 p.m. Rapide. In connection with the 10 a.m. service from Charing Cross, a coupé-lits and first-class carriage will run through to Vintimille by the 2.13 p.m. train from Boulogne; and, in connection with the service from Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 11 a.m., a lits-salon and first-class carriage to Vintimille by the 3 p.m. train from Calais. By the night mail service from Charing Cross and Cannon Street there will be a coupé-lits and first-class carriage from Calais to Paris (Lyon), in correspondence with the day Rapide to the Riviera.

Unanimously recommended as he was to the London County Council by the General Purposes and Fire Brigade Committees, it would have been surprising if Commander Lionel de L. Wells, R.N., had not been appointed by the Council at its meeting this week to the coveted position of Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade. Commander Wells was fortunate in securing the support of the Admiralty as well as the good word of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg (who is still an Admiral of the Fleet of the British Navy) and of Rear-Admiral Seymour, under both of whom he has served since he joined the cadets' training-ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth twenty-five years ago. Since those early days, when he was one of the "babies of the Navy," Commander Wells has had a varied experience in the arts of war and of peace. During the Egyptian War he was a Lieutenant on her Majesty's ship *Iris*, and for his services he received the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. Subsequently he was second in command at the Devonport Torpedo School. When arrangements were being made for the Naval Exhibition in 1891, Commander Wells joined the Committee, and was afterwards in charge of the naval and torpedo manoeuvres on the lake, which were such a popular feature of the Exhibition.



Photo Hodge, Plymouth.
COMMANDER LIONEL WELLS, R.N.,
Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Four years ago he reached his present rank and was appointed senior officer of the Devonport flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers, in which naval stokers receive instruction in the complicated water-tube boilers which are superseding the old locomotive type in the Navy. His career has marked Commander Wells out as an organiser and disciplinarian, and there has been no more popular officer in the Devonport command—popular alike with officers and men.

A very hard fate has befallen Captain Marriott, of the Norfolk Regiment. He was harmlessly engaged in the pursuit of game in Asia Minor when he was bagged by brigands, who demand fifteen thousand pounds ransom. This is a heavy burden for his family, who cannot expect any aid either from the British or the Turkish Government. There ought, of course, to be a claim for the money against the Sultan, but Abdul Hamid cannot find means to pay his troops, and is not likely to advance the ransom of a British officer who owes his captivity to the rottenness of the Turkish administration. It is true that Captain Marriott was extremely rash in supposing that he could go shooting in safety in Asia Minor or any other part of the Sultan's dominions. You can never tell that Turkish brigands are not in the pay of the local Pasha, who expects a lion's share of the ransom.

There is a great discussion as to the legitimate speed of motor-cars. The new Act limits it to fourteen miles an hour, but the London County Council considers this rate of speed extremely dangerous in the streets. Any cabman who ventured to drive fourteen miles an hour would find himself before a magistrate. It is extremely unlikely that the driver of a motor-car would venture upon such a speed; but a limit of eight miles an hour within a certain radius is not unreasonable.

Hamlet thought that a man must build churches if he would have his memory outlive his lifetime, but Mr. James Henry Greathead, the well-known engineer, who died on Oct. 21, has left a name which seems likely to survive him for some time by the less picturesque work of making subterranean tunnels. He developed to its highest pitch the system of tunnelling which had been introduced by Brunel, who constructed the tunnel under the Thames at Wapping by means of a shield. Mr. Greathead improved this shield and drove it forward by hydraulic rams, while he made such subaqueous work easier by the use of compressed air. The greatest feat in subaqueous boring that has ever been undertaken is the new tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall. It is a curious fact that the great engineer just lived to see the Blackwall tunnel brought to a successful completion and then died. One of his best known projects was the City and South London Railway, which has been successfully at work for five years; and the new Central London Railway and the similar enterprise on the Surrey side now in progress owe much to the ingenuity of his innovations.



Photo W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.
THE LATE MR. JAMES HENRY GREATHEAD.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Albany and their children, remains at Balmoral until Nov. 13, when she comes to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales, after Newmarket Races, went to Sandringham on Saturday, rejoining the Princess of Wales; and on Monday the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha arrived there to stay with them.

A candidate of the Liberal party for the East Bradford election was found last week in the person of Mr. A. Billson, of Liverpool, solicitor, who was once returned for Barnstaple, but was unseated by petition in favour of Sir W. Gull. The Conservative candidate is the Hon. Captain R. Greville, and Mr. Keir Hardie stands for the Labour party.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, on Saturday opened the new drill-hall of the Tower Hamlets Royal Engineer Volunteers at Victoria Park, and commended the Volunteer force, which numbered, he said, 225,000 efficient men last year.

The first Cabinet Council of Ministers since the Parliamentary Session was held on Wednesday at the Foreign Office.

The Municipal Elections in all the provincial cities and boroughs of England and Wales took place on Monday last.

The Guildhall School of Music, conducted by Mr. W. H. Cummings, held on Saturday its distribution of prizes, at which the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were present, Lady Wilkin presenting the prizes to the students who gained them at the last examination. The whole number of students is now 3700, five hundred new ones having joined in the past year.

At a conference on Saturday of the National Federation of Assistant Teachers holding certificates, Mr. A. Thomas presiding, resolutions were passed asking that in the expected Government Education Bill some provision should be made to improve the very inadequate payment of that important class of public servants.

The London cabdrivers' strike against the principal railway companies' station service, which has continued five weeks, came provisionally or conditionally to an end last Sunday, depending still upon a legal decision of the judges concerning the penalties and threatened withdrawal of licenses pronounced by metropolitan police magistrates for refusing to drive into the stations. On the other side the drivers are summoning hundreds of passengers for declining on that account to pay their fares.

A meeting at the Hackney Vestry Hall on Friday passed resolutions in favour of the London water supply being vested in a London public authority elected by the ratepayers. At another meeting in East London to the same effect, at Bow, Lord Onslow, Mr. L. Holland, M.P., and Mr. Bousfield, M.P., were chief speakers.

The London School Board last week considered a proposal for the purchase of the Homerton College premises, at the price of £6500, as a site for new schools, but the discussion was adjourned.

A dispute has arisen between the Lancashire and Westmorland County Councils about the ownership of a large portion of Lake Windermere, and the question is likely to be tried by a court of law.

The Volunteer League of the United Kingdom has formed a committee, of which Major-General Moncrieff is chairman, to organise, with the approval of the military and naval authorities, a central institution for mutual communication and information between all the Volunteer forces of the British Empire.

Lord Dufferin and Lady Dufferin have been greeted in the city of Belfast with a banquet—the Lord Mayor presiding—in the Ulster Hall, and with congratulations upon his Lordship's brilliant official career, as Governor-General and Ambassador, in Canada, in India, at St. Petersburg, Rome, Paris, and other capitals. He made an eloquent and engaging speech.

British administrative supervision and military assistance in Egypt found an uncompromising vindicator in Lord Charles Beresford at last week's meeting of the Constitutional Club, with predictions of new trade openings from the reconquest of Khartoum and the projected railway between Souakim and Berber. General Sir

Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Khedive's Army, has left Cairo on a visit to England, after receiving the public thanks of the Anglo-Egyptian residents, with a speech by Lord Cromer, expressing much admiration of his recent victorious campaign and recovery of Dongola.

The Czar and Czarina have safely accomplished their homeward journey from Hesse-Darmstadt to Russia,



Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, ALDERMAN GEORGE FAUDEL PHILLIPS.

arriving last Saturday evening at their own palace of Tsarskoe Selo, near St. Petersburg, and seeing also the Empress-Dowager at the palace of Gatschina.

The Montenegrin Princes left Rome on Oct. 29, returning to their own country, after the marriage festivities of the union between the Prince of Naples and Princess Hélène of Montenegro. The newly married pair are at Florence.

The German Emperor returned to Potsdam or Berlin on Saturday from his excursion to the Harz Mountains. German semi-official and other journals, with those of Austria, have continued to discuss, in a tone very unfavourable to Prince Bismarck, the recent disclosure of Foreign Office secret history concerning the lapse, in 1890, of a special convention with Russia hitherto unknown. But it is thought not likely to affect the present or future stability of the Triple Alliance.

The Sultan has appointed five Christians—one being an Armenian, four Greeks—as Deputy-Governors of different provincial districts in Anatolia or Asia Minor. Explanations of the recent decree of a poll tax have been given to the foreign Ambassadors, denying that it is intended to furnish arms to the Mussulman population. The attempt to assassinate Monsignore Bartholomeus, the deputy-Patriarch, at Constantinople, proves to have been made by some Armenians, who detested him for his servility to the Turkish Government.

At Constanza, on the shore of the Black Sea, on Oct. 28, the King and Queen of Roumania, with the Russian Grand Duke Boris Vladomirivitch, were present

at the laying the foundation-stone of new harbour works, to be finished in six years, deemed to be of great importance to European trade with the East.

The new Metropolitan Bishop of the Greek Church of Athens, Monsignore Procopius Oikonomides, was installed on Oct. 29, in presence of the Greek royal family and Court.

Very serious fears of approaching local distress, if not famine, in different parts of India have been officially

announced by the Governments of Bengal, the North-West Provinces, the Punjab, the Central Provinces, the Deccan, and in some districts of the Bombay and Madras Presidencies. There are 53,800 destitute people already received on the Government relief works.

Reported fresh discoveries of gold and silver and lead in the island colony of Newfoundland excite increasing attention. These are situated at Cape Broyle, at Ming's Bight, two hundred miles north of St. John's, and at Lawn, on Placentia Bay. Offers to purchase the mining rights are now being made. The depression now prevalent in Newfoundland has been increased by a serious fall in the price of fish exported to Portugal.

In South Africa the Transvaal Government and Volksraad have made concessions to the Uitlanders with regard to the elementary schools, also certain fiscal regulations, and the application of mining titles to the underground working of gold reefs beyond the limits of the allotted surface ground. On the other hand, very stringent measures for the Uitlander newspaper Press, and a law for the arbitrary expulsion of foreigners suspected of treason, have provoked some additional resentment.

In Australia the yields of the gold-mines of Victoria for the past nine months show a considerable increase over the preceding year. The trial of the directors and auditors of the Bank of Melbourne for issuing false balance-sheets has resulted in their acquittal by the verdict of the jury.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

The approaching Lord Mayor's Day is to be distinguished from its more recent predecessors by a welcome increase in its wonted pageantry. The procession will include four triumphal cars representative of the naval and military resources of the British Empire, and the occupants of these imposing vehicles will wear uniforms ranging in date from the beginning of the century down to the present time. Old-world implements of war will also be contrasted with modern weapons, and the military bands assembled for the occasion are to be more in evidence than ever. Detachments of firemen and watermen are to form a feature of the cortège, and a piquant contrast between bygone and up-to-date methods of locomotion is to be afforded by the close proximity of a venerable stage-coach and a *fin-de-siècle* horseless carriage. Not only is the procession to be a good deal longer than usual, but it is to cover a more complex journey. It will therefore start an hour earlier than has been the custom in past years, so that intending spectators will have to reach their various points of vantage soon after ten o'clock in the morning. Apart from the additions to

the programme, one of the most interesting innovations is that which the new Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips, has made in the dress of his own servants by substituting his own family dress liveries for the wonted gold-laced costumes. From time immemorial the Lord Mayors of London have arrayed their immediate retinue in resplendent attire, and the new liveries, which have lately been on view at the makers, Messrs. Samuel Brothers, of Ludgate Hill, are in no way inferior to earlier ones in richness of effect. The coats are made of royal blue velvet, the fronts, sleeves, and backs bearing a gold-embroidered design of roses.

The election of Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips to be the new Lord Mayor has a certain unique interest in the fact that he is the first Lord Mayor of London whose father has held the same office before him. Moreover, the new Lord Mayor's father, Sir Benjamin Phillips, was the first member of the Jewish community to hold any office on the Corporation of London. The new Lord Mayor is a man of remarkable energy, and has discharged many responsible duties with tact and skill. He is a Hertfordshire magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant—his country seat being at Balls Park, Hertford—Governor of the Irish Society, an almoner of Christ's Hospital, a trustee of the Rowland Hill Fund, and Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, and, withal, he is a staunch supporter of sundry institutions of the Jewish community, to which he belongs. His wife is a sister of Sir Edward Lawson, and her many philanthropic works give sufficient guarantee that she will worthily fulfil the duties of her new position as Lady Mayoress.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.

MR. SHERIFF ROGERS.

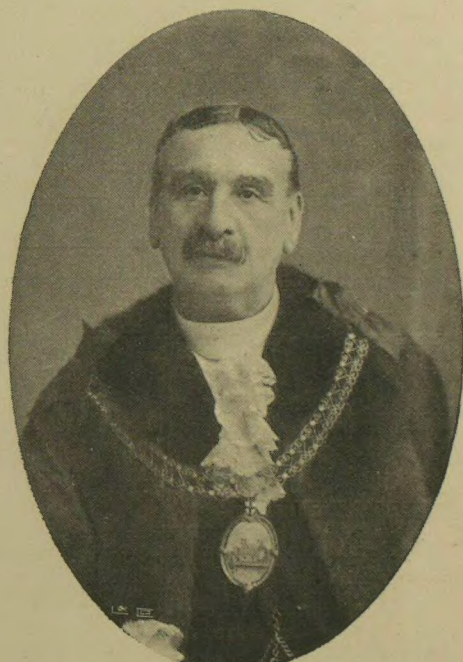


Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.

MR. SHERIFF RITCHIE.



DR. TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP-DESIGNATE OF CANTERBURY, OPENING THE PEPYS MISSION HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XIII.

The party remained in the room for some time, and when at last a waiter from the bar was sent for and requested to tell Dr. Goldsmith, who was having his hat brushed, that his party were ready to leave the house, the man stated that Dr. Goldsmith had left some time, hurrying in the direction of Pall Mall.

"Pshaw! Sir," said Johnson to Burke, "Dr. Goldsmith is little better than a fool." Johnson did not know what such nervousness as Goldsmith's was.

"Yes," said Burke, "Dr. Goldsmith is, I suppose, the greatest fool that ever wrote the best poem of a century, the best novel of a century, and let us hope that, after the lapse of a few hours, I may be able to say the best comedy of a century."

"I suppose we may take it for granted that he has gone to the playhouse?" said Richard Burke.

"It is not wise to take anything for granted so far as Goldsmith is concerned," said Steevens. "I think that the best course we can adopt is for some of us to go to the playhouse without delay. The play must be looked after; but for myself I mean to look after the author. Gentlemen, Oliver Goldsmith needs to be looked after carefully. No one knows what a burden he has been forced to bear during the past month."

"You think it is actually possible that he has not preceded us to the playhouse, Sir," said Johnson.

"If I know anything of him, Sir," said Steevens, "the playhouse is just the place which he would most persistently avoid."

There was a long pause before Johnson said in his weightiest manner—

"Sir, we are all his friends: we hold you responsible for his safety."

"That is very kind of you, Sir," replied Steevens. "But you may rest assured that I will do my best to find him, wherever he may be."

While the rest of the party set out for Covent Garden Theatre, Steevens hurried off in the opposite direction. He felt that he understood Goldsmith's mood. He believed that he would come upon him sitting alone in some little-frequented coffee-house brooding over the probable failure of his play. The cheerful optimism of the man, which enabled him to hold out against Colman and his sneers, would, he was convinced, suffer a relapse when there was no urgent reason for its exercise, and his naturally sanguine temperament would at this critical hour of his life give place to a brooding melancholy, making it impossible for him to put in an appearance at the theatre, and driving him far from his friends. Steevens actually made up his mind that if he failed to find Goldsmith during the next hour or two, he would seek him at his cottage on the Edgware Road.

He went on foot from coffee-house to coffee-house—from Jack's in Dean Street to the Old Bell in Westminster—but he failed to discover his friend in one of them. An hour and a half he spent in this way; and all this time roars of laughter from every part of the playhouse—except the one box that held Cumberland and his friends—were greeting the brilliant dialogue, the natural characterisation, and the admirably contrived situations in the best comedy that a century of brilliant authors had witnessed.

The scene comes before one with all the vividness that many able pens have imparted to a description of its details. We see the enormous figure of Dr. Johnson, leaning far out of the box nearest the stage with a hand behind his ear, so as to lose no word spoken on the stage; and as phrase after phrase, sparkling with wit, quivering with humour,

and vivified with numbers of allusions to the events of the hour, is spoken, he seems to shake the theatre with his laughter.

Reynolds is in the opposite corner, his ear-trumpet resting on the ledge of the box, his face smiling thoughtfully; and between these two notable figures Miss Reynolds is seated bolt upright, and looking rather

frightened as the people in the pit look up now and again at the box.

Baretti is in the next box with Angelica Kauffman, Dr. Burney, and little Miss Fanny Burney, destined in a year or two to become for a time the most notable woman in England. On the other side of the house Lord Clare occupies a box with his charming tom-boy daughter, who



"That's a lie," said Shuter, who was in the act of going on the stage as Mr. Hardcastle.

is convulsed with laughter as she hears reference made in the dialogue to the trick which she once played upon the wig of her dear friend the author. General Oglethorpe, who is beside her, holds up his finger in mock reproof, and Lord Camden, standing behind his chair, looks as if he regretted having lost the opportunity of continuing his acquaintance with an author whom everyone is so highly honouring at the moment.

Cumberland and his friends are in a lower box, "looking glum," as one witness asserts, though a good many years later Cumberland boasted of having contributed in so marked a way to the applause as to call for the resentment of the pit.

In the next box Hugh Kelly, whose most noted success at Drury Lane a few years previously eclipsed Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man" at the other house, sits by the side of Macpherson, the rhapsodist who invented "Ossian." He glares at Dr. Johnson, who had no hesitation in calling him an impostor.

The Burkes, Edmund and Richard, are in a box with Mrs. Horneck and her younger daughter, who follows breathlessly the words with which she has for long been familiar, and at every shout of laughter that comes from the pit she is moved almost to tears. She is quite unaware of the fact that Colonel Gwyn, sitting alone in another part of the house, has his eyes fixed upon her—earnestly, affectionately. Her brother and his fiancée are in a box with the Bunburies; and in the most important in the house Mrs. Thrale sits well forward, so that all eyes may be gratified by beholding her, though it does not so much matter about her husband, who once thought that the fact of his being the proprietor of a concern whose operations represented the potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice entitled him to play upon the mother of the Gummings when she first came to London the most contemptible hoax ever recorded to the eternal discredit of a man. The Duchess of Argyll, mindful of that trick which the cleverness of her mother turned to so good account, does not condescend to notice from her box, where she sits with Lady Betty Hamilton, either the brewer or his pushing wife, though she is acquainted with old General Paoli, whom the latter is patronising between the acts.

What a play! What spectators!

We listen to the one year by year with the same delight that it brought to those who heard it this night for the first time; and we look with delight at the faces of the notable spectators which the brush of the little man with the ear-trumpet in Johnson's box has made immortal.

Those two men in that box were the means of conferring immortality upon their century. Incomparable Johnson, who chose Boswell to be his biographer! Incomparable Reynolds, who, on innumerable canvases, handed down to the next century all the grace and distinction of his own!

And all this time Oliver Goldsmith is pacing with bent head and hands nervously clasped behind him, backward and forward, the broad walk in St. James's Park.

Steevens came upon him there after spending nearly two hours searching for him.

"Don't speak, man, for God's sake," cried Oliver. "'Tis not so dark but that I can see disaster imprinted on your face. You come to tell me that the comedy is ended—that the curtain was obliged to be rung down in the middle of an act. You come to tell me that my comedy of life is ended."

"Not I," said Steevens. "I have not been at the playhouse yet. Why, man, what can be the matter with you? Why did you leave us in the lurch at the coffee-house?"

"I don't know what you speak of," said Goldsmith. "But I beg of you to hasten to the playhouse and carry me the news of the play—don't fear to tell me the worst: I have been in the world of letters for nearly twenty years: I am not easily dismayed."

"My dear friend," said Steevens, "I have no intention of going to the playhouse unless you are in my company—I promised so much to Dr. Johnson. What, man, have you no consideration for your friends, leaving yourself out of the question? Have you no consideration for your art, Sir?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that perhaps while you are walking here some question may arise on the stage that you and you only can decide—are you willing to allow the future of your comedy to depend upon the decision of Colman, who is not the man to let pass a chance of proving himself to be a true prophet? Come, Sir, you have shown yourself to be a man and a great man, too, before to-night. Why should your courage fail you now when I am convinced you are on the eve of achieving a splendid success?"

"It shall not—it shall not!" cried Goldsmith after a short pause. "I'll not give in should the worst come to the worst. I feel that I have something of a man in me still. The years that I have spent in this battle have not crushed me into the earth. I'll go with you, my friend—I'll go with you. Heaven grant that I may yet be in time to avert disaster."

They hurried together to Charing Cross, where a hackney-coach was obtainable. All the time it was lumbering along the uneven streets to Covent Garden, Goldsmith was talking excitedly about the likelihood of the play being wrecked through Colman's taking advantage of his absence to insist on a scene being omitted—or,

perhaps, a whole act; and nothing that Steevens could say to comfort him had any effect.

When the vehicle turned the corner into Covent Garden he craned his head out of the window and declared that the people were leaving the playhouse—that his worst fears were realised.

"Nonsense!" cried Steevens, who had put his head out of the other window. "The people you see are only the footmen and linkmen incidental to any performance. What, man, would the coachmen beside us be dozing on their boxes if they were waiting to be called? No, my friend, the comedy has yet to be damned."

When they got out of the coach Goldsmith hastened round to the stage door, looking into the faces of the people who were lounging around, as if to see in each of them the fate of his play written. He reached the back of the stage and made for where Colman was standing, just as Quick, in the part of Tony Lumpkin, was telling Mrs. Hardcastle that he had driven her forty miles from her own house when all the time she was within twenty yards of it. In a moment he perceived that the lights were far too strong; unless Mrs. Hardcastle was blind she could not have failed to recognise the familiar features of the scene. The next moment there came a hiss—a solitary hiss from the boxes.

"What's that, Mr. Colman?" whispered the excited author.

"Psha! Sir," said Colman brutally. "Why trouble yourself about a squib when we have all been sitting on a barrel of gunpowder these two hours?"

"That's a lie," said Shuter, who was in the act of going on the stage as Mr. Hardcastle. "'Tis a lie, Dr. Goldsmith. The success of your play was assured from the first."

"By God! Mr. Colman, if it is a lie I'll never look on you as a friend while I live!" said Goldsmith.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a lie, and surely the most cruel and most objectless lie ever uttered. Goldsmith was soon made aware of this. The laughter that followed Tony Lumpkin's pretending to his mother that Mr. Hardcastle was a highwayman was not the laugh of playgoers who have endured four acts of a dull play; it was the laugh of people who have been in a good humour for over two hours, and Goldsmith knew it. He perceived from their laughter that the people in every part of the house were following the comedy with extraordinary interest. Every point in the dialogue was effective—the exquisite complications, the broad fun, the innumerable touches of nature, all were appreciated by an audience whose expression of gratification fell little short of rapture.

When the scene was being shifted Colman left the stage and did not return to it until it was his duty to come forward after the Epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Bulkley and announce the date of the author's night.

As soon as the manager had disappeared Goldsmith had a chance of speaking to several of the actors at intervals as they made their exits, and from them he learned the whole truth regarding the play: from the first scene to the one which was being represented, the performance had been a succession of triumphs, not only for the author, but for every member of the company concerned in the production. With old dresses and scenery familiar to all frequenters of the playhouse, the extraordinary success of the comedy was beyond all question. The allusion to the offensive terms of the Royal Marriage Act was especially relished by the audience, several of the occupants of the pit rising to their feet and cheering for some time—so much Goldsmith learned little by little at intervals from the actors.

"I swore never to look on Colman as my friend again, and I'll keep my word; he has treated me cruelly—more cruelly than he has any idea of," said Goldsmith to Lee Lewes. "But as for you, Mr. Lewes, I'll do anything that is in my power for you in the future. My poor play owes much to you, Sir."

"Faith then, Sir," cried Lewes, "I'll keep you to your word. My benefit will take place in a short time; I'll ask you for a Prologue, Dr. Goldsmith."

"You shall have the best Prologue I ever wrote," said Goldsmith.

And so he had.

When the house was still cheering at the conclusion of the Epilogue, Goldsmith, overcome with emotion, hurried into the Green Room. Mrs. Abington was the first person whom he met. She held down her head, and affected a guilty look as she glanced at him sideways through half-closed eyes.

"Dr. Goldsmith," she said in a tone modulated to a point of humility, "I hope in your hour of triumph you will be generous to those who were foolish enough to doubt the greatness of your work. Oh, Sir, I pray of you not to increase by your taunts the humiliation which I feel at having resigned my part in your comedy. Believe me, I have been punished sufficiently during the past two hours by hearing the words, which I might have spoken, applauded so rapturously coming from another."

"Taunts, my dear Madam; who speaks of taunts?" said he. "Nay, I have a part in my mind for you already—that is if you will be good enough to accept it."

"Oh, Sir, you are generosity itself!" cried the actress, offering him both her hands. "I shall not fail to remind you of your promise, Dr. Goldsmith."

And now the Green Room was being crowded by the members of the company and the distinguished friends of

the author, who were desirous of congratulating him. Dr. Johnson's voice filled the room as his laughter had filled the theatre.

"We perceived the reason of your extraordinary and unusual modesty, Dr. Goldsmith, before your play was many minutes on the stage," said he. "You dog, you took as your example the Italians who, on the eve of Lent, indulge in a carnival, celebrating their farewell to flesh by a feast. On the same analogy you had a glut of modesty previous to bidding modesty good-bye for ever; for to-night's performance will surely make you a coxcomb."

"Oh, I hope not, Sir," said Goldsmith.

"No, you don't hope it, Sir," cried Johnson. "You are thinking at this moment how much better you are than your betters—I see it on your face, you rascal."

"And he has a right to think so," said Mrs. Bunbury. "Come, Dr. Goldsmith, speak up, say something insulting to your betters."

"Certainly, Madam," said Goldsmith. "Where are they?"

"Well said!" cried Edmund Burke.

"Nay, Sir," said Johnson. "Dr. Goldsmith's satire is not strong enough. We expected something more violent. 'Tis like landing one in one's back garden when one has looked for Crackscull Common."

His mighty laughter echoed through the room and made the pictures shake on the walls.

Mary Horneck had not spoken. She had merely given her friend her hand. She knew that he would understand her unuttered congratulations, and she was not mistaken.

For the next quarter of an hour there was an exchange of graceful wit and gracious compliment between the various persons of distinction in the Green Room. Mrs. Thrale, with her usual discrimination, conceived the moment to be an opportune one for putting on what she fondly imagined was an Irish brogue, in rallying Goldsmith upon some of the points in his comedy. Miss Kauffman and Signor Baretto spoke Italian into Reynolds's ear-trumpet, and Edmund Burke talked wittily in the background with the Bunburies.

So crowded the room was, no one seemed to notice how an officer in uniform had stolen up to the side of Mary Horneck where she stood behind Mr. Thrale and General Oglethorpe, and had withdrawn her into a corner, saying a whispered word to her. No one seemed to observe the action, though it was noticed by Goldsmith. He kept his eyes fixed upon the girl, and perceived that, while the man was speaking to her, her eyes were turned upon the floor and her left hand was pressed against her heart.

He kept looking at her all the time that Mrs. Thrale was rattling out her inanities, too anxious to see what effect she was producing upon the people within ear-shot to notice that the man whom she was addressing was paying no attention to her.

When the others as well ceased to pay any attention to her, she thought it advisable to bring her prattle to a close.

"Psha! Dr. Goldsmith," she cried. "We have given you our ears for more than two hours, and yet you refuse to listen to us for as many minutes."

"I protest, Madam, that I have been absorbed," said Goldsmith. "Yes, you were remarking that—"

"That an Irishman, when he achieves a sudden success, can only be compared to a boy who has robbed an orchard," said the lady.

"True—very true, Madam," said he. He saw Mary Horneck's hands clasp involuntarily for a moment as she spoke to the man who stood smiling beside her. She was not smiling.

"Yes, 'tis true; but why?" cried Mrs. Thrale, taking care that her voice did not appeal to Goldsmith only.

"Ah, yes; that's just it—why?" said he. Mary Horneck had turned away from the officer, and was coming slowly back to where her sister and Henry Bunbury were standing.

"Why?" said Mrs. Thrale shrilly. "Why? Why is an Irishman who has become suddenly successful like a boy who has robbed an orchard? Why, because his booty so distends his body that any one can perceive he has got in his pockets what he is not entitled to."

She looked around for appreciation, but failed to find it. She certainly did not perceive any appreciation of her pleasantry on the face of the successful Irishman before her. He was not watching Mary now. All his attention was given to the man to whom she had been talking, and who had gone to the side of Mrs. Abington, where he remained chatting with even more animation than was usual for one to assume in the Green Room.

"You will join us at supper, Dr. Goldsmith?" said Mr. Thrale.

"Nay, Sir!" cried Bunbury; "mine is a prior claim. Dr. Goldsmith agreed some days ago to honour my wife with his company to-night."

"What did I say, Goldy?" cried Johnson. "Was it not that, after the presentation of the comedy, you would receive a hundred invitations?"

"Well, Sir, I have only received two since my play was produced, and one of them I accepted some days ago," said the Irishman, and Mrs. Thrale hoped she would be able to remember the bull in order to record it as conclusive evidence of Goldsmith's awkwardness of speech.

But Burke, who knew the exact nature of the Irish bull, only smiled. He laughed, however, when Goldsmith;

assuming the puzzled expression of the Irishman who adds to the humour of his bull by pretending that it is involuntary, stumbled carefully in his words, simulating a man anxious to explain away a mistake that he has made. Goldsmith excelled at this form of humour but too well; hence, while the pages of every book that refers to him are crowded with his brilliant sayings, the writers quote Garrick's lines in proof—proof positive, mind—that he “talked like poor Poll.” He is the first man on record who has been condemned solely because of the exigencies of rhyme, and that, too, in the doggerel couplet of the most unscrupulous jester of the century.

Mary Horneck seems to have been the only one who understood him thoroughly. She has left her appreciation of his humour on record. The expression which she perceived upon his face immediately after he had given utterance to some delightful witticism—which the recording demons around him delighted to turn against himself—was the expression which makes itself apparent in Reynolds's portrait of him. The man who “talked like poor Poll” was the man who, even before he had done anything in literature except a few insignificant essays, was visited by

said Goldsmith. “’Tis as well I made sure: one may affront a gentleman as easily by professing to have met him as by forgetting that one has done so.”

When he got outside, he found that Mary Horneck had been so greatly affected by the heat of the playhouse and the excitement of the occasion that she had thought it prudent to go away with the Reynoldses in their coach—her mother had preceded her by nearly half an hour.

The Bunburys found that apparently the excitement of the evening had produced a similar effect upon their guest. Although he admitted having eaten no dinner—Johnson and his friends had been by no means reticent on the subject of the dinner—he was without an appetite for the delightful little supper which awaited him at Mrs. Bunbury's. It was in vain, too, that his hostess showed herself to be in high spirits, and endeavoured to rally him after her own delightful fashion. He remained almost speechless the whole evening.

“Ah,” said she, “I perceive clearly that your Little Comedy has been quite obscured by your great comedy. But wait until we get you down with us at Barton;

The way Mrs. Abington had referred to the man with whom Mary had been speaking was sufficient to let him know that he was not a man of reputation—he certainly had not seemed to Goldsmith to be a man of reputation either when he had seen him at the Pantheon or in the Green Room. He had worn an impudent and forward manner which, in spite of his glaring good looks, that might possibly make him acceptable in the eyes of such generous ladies as Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Bulkley, or Mrs. Woffington, showed that he was a person of no position in society. This conclusion to which Goldsmith had come was confirmed by the fact that no persons of any distinction who had been present at the Pantheon or the playhouse had shown that they were acquainted with him—no one person save only Mary Horneck.

Mary Horneck had by her act bracketed herself with Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Bulkley.

This he felt to be a very terrible thing. A month ago it would have been incredible to him that such a thing could be. Mary Horneck had invariably shunned in society those persons—women as well as men—who had shown themselves to be wanting in modesty. She had



She tottered forward, with wild eyes. He caught her and supported her in his arms.

Bishop Percy, though every visit entailed a climb up a rickety staircase and a seat on a rickety stool in a garret. Perhaps, however, the fastidious Percy was interested in ornithology and was ready to put himself to great inconvenience in order to hear parrot-talk.

While he was preparing to go with the Bunburys, Goldsmith noticed that the man who, after talking with Mary Horneck, had chatted with Mrs. Abington, had disappeared; and when the party whom he was accompanying to supper had left the room he remained for a few moments to make his adieux to the players. He shook hands with Mrs. Abington, saying—

“Have no fear that I shall forget my promise, Madam.”

“I shall take good care that you don't, Sir,” said she.

“Do not fancy that I shall neglect my own interests!” he cried, bowing as he took a step away from her. When he had taken another step he quickly returned to her as if a sudden thought had struck him. “Why, if I wasn't going away without asking you what is the name of the gentleman in uniform who was speaking with you just now,” said he. “I fancy I have met him somewhere, and one doesn't want to be rude.”

“His name is Jackson,” she replied. “Yes, Captain Jackson, though the Lord only knows what he is captain of.”

“I have been mistaken: I know no one of that name,”

you will find the first time we play Loo together that a little comedy may become a great tragedy.”

Bunbury declared that he was as poor company during the supper as if his play had been a mortifying failure instead of a triumphant success, and Goldsmith admitted that this was true, taking his departure as soon as he could without being rude.

He walked slowly through the empty streets to his chambers in Brick Court. But it was almost daylight before he went to bed.

All his life he had been looking forward to this night—the night that should put the seal upon his reputation, that should give him an incontestable place at the head of the imaginative writers of his period. And yet, now that the fame for which he had struggled with destiny was within his grasp, he felt more miserable than he had ever felt in his garret.

CHAPTER XV.

What did it all mean?

That was the question which was on his mind when he awoke. It did not refer to the reception given to “She Stoops to Conquer,” which had placed him in the position he had longed for; it had reference solely to the strange incident which had occurred in the Green Room.

always detested the man—he was popular enough at that period—who had allowed innuendoes to do duty for wit; and she had also detested the woman—she is popular enough now—who had laughed at and made light of the innuendoes, bordering upon impropriety, of such a man.

And yet she had by her own act placed herself on a level with the least fastidious of the persons for whom she had always professed a contempt. The Duchess of Argyll and Lady Ancaster had, to be sure, shaken hands with the two actresses; but the first named at least had done so for her own ends, and had got pretty well sneered at in consequence. Mary Horneck stood in a very different position from that occupied by the Duchess. While not deficient in charity, she had declined to follow the lead of any leader of fashion in this matter, and had held aloof from the actresses.

And yet he had seen her in secret conversation with a man at whom one of these same actresses had not hesitated to sneer as an impostor—a man who was clearly unacquainted with any other member of her family.

What could this curious incident mean?

The letters which had come from various friends congratulating him upon the success of the comedy lay unheeded by him by the side of those which had arrived—not a post had been missed—from persons who professed the

most disinterested friendship for him, and were anxious to borrow from him a trifle until they also had made their successes. Men whom he had rescued from starvation, from despair, from suicide, and who had, consequently, been living on him ever since, begged that he would continue his contributions on a more liberal scale now that he had in so marked a way improved his own position. But, for the first time, their letters lay unread and unanswered. (Three days actually passed before he sent his guineas flying to the deserving and the undeserving alike. That was how he contrived to get rid of the thousands of pounds which he had earned since leaving his garret.)

His man-servant had never before seen him so depressed as he was when he left his chambers.

He had made up his mind to go to Mary, and tell her that he had seen what no one else either in the Pantheon or in the Green Room had seemed to notice in regard to that man whose name he had learned was Captain Jackson—he would tell her and leave it to her to explain what appeared to him more than mysterious. If anyone had told him in respect to another girl all that he had noticed, he would have said that such a matter required no explanation: he had heard of the intrigues of young girls with men of the stamp of that Captain Jackson. With Mary Horneck, however, the matter was not so easily explained. The shrug and the raising of the eyebrows were singularly inappropriate to any consideration of an incident in which she was concerned.

He found before he had gone far from his chambers that the news of the success of the comedy had reached his neighbours. He was met by several of the students of the Temple, with whom he had placed himself on terms of the pleasantest familiarity, and they all greeted him with a cordiality the sincerity of which was apparent on their beaming faces. Among them was one youth named Grattan, who, being an Irishman, had early found a friend in Goldsmith. He talked years afterwards of this early friendship of his.

Then the head porter, Ginger, for whom Goldsmith had always a pleasant word, and whose wife was his laundress (not wholly above suspicion as regards her honesty), stammered his congratulations, and received the crown which he knew was certain; and Goldsmith began to feel what he had always suspected—that there was a great deal of friendliness in the world for men who have become successful.

Long before he had arrived at the house of the Hornecks he was feeling that he would be the happiest man in London or the most miserable before another hour would pass.

He was fortunate enough to find, on arriving at the house, that Mary was alone. Mrs. Horneck and her son had gone out together in the coach some time before, the servant said, admitting him, for he was on terms of such intimacy with the family that the man did not think it necessary to inquire if Miss Horneck would see him. The man was grinning from ear to ear as he admitted the visitor.

"I hope, Doctor, that I know my business better than Diggory," he said, his grin expanding genially.

"Ah! so you were one of the gentlemen in the gallery?" said Goldsmith. "You had my destiny in your keeping for two hours?"

"I thought I'd ha' dropped, Sir, when it came to Diggory at the table—and Mr. Marlow's man, Sir—as drunk as a lord. 'I don't know what more you want unless you'd have had him soused in a beer barrel,' says he quite cool-like and satisfied—and it's the gentleman's own private house, after all. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Didn't Sir Joshua's Ralph laugh till he thought our neighbours would think it undignified-like, and then sent us off worse than ever by trying to look solemn. Only some fools about us said the drunk servant was ungentle; but young Mr. Northcote—Sir Joshua's young man, Sir—he up and says that nature isn't always genteel, and that nature was above gentility, and so forth—I beg your pardon, Doctor, what was I thinking of? Why, Sir, Diggory himself couldn't ha' done worse than me—talking so familiar-like, instead of showing you up."

"Nay, Sir," said Goldsmith, "the patron has the privilege of addressing his humble servant at what length he please. You are one of my patrons, George; but strike me dumb, Sir! I'll be patronised by you no longer; and, to put a stop to your airs, I'll give you half-a-dozen tickets for my benefit, and that will turn the tables on you, my fine fellow."

"Oh, Doctor, you are too kind, Sir," whispered the man, for he had led the way to the drawing-room door. "I hope I've not been too bold, Sir. If I told them in the kitchen about forgetting myself they'd dub me Diggory without more ado. There'll be Diggorys enough in the servants' halls this year, Sir."

In another moment Goldsmith was in the presence of Mary Horneck.

She was seated on a low chair at the window. He could not fail to notice that she looked ill, though it was not until she had risen, trying to smile, that he saw how very ill she was. Her face, which he had scarcely ever seen otherwise than bright, had a worn appearance, her eyes were sunken through much weeping, and there was a frightened look in them that touched him deeply.

"You will believe me when I say how sorry I was not to be able to do honour last night to the one whom I

honour most of all men," she said, giving him her hand. "But it was impossible—oh, quite impossible, for me to sup even with my sister and you. Ah, it was pitiful! considering how I had been looking forward to your night of triumph, my dear friend."

"It was pitiful, indeed, dear child," said he. "I was looking forward to that night also—I don't know for how many years—all my life, it seems to me."

"Never mind!" she cried, with a feeble attempt at brightness. "Never mind! your night of triumph came, and no one can take it away from you now: everyone in the town is talking of your comedy and its success."

"There is no one to whom success is sweeter than it is to me," said Goldsmith. "But you know me too well, my Jessamy Bride, to think for a single moment that I could enjoy my success when my dearest friend was miserable."

"I know it," she said, giving him her hand once more. "I know it, and knowing it last night only made me feel more miserable."

"What is the matter, Mary?" he asked her after a pause. "Once before I begged of you to tell me if you could. I say again that perhaps I may be able to help you out of your trouble, though I know that I am not a man of many resources."

"I cannot tell you," she said slowly, but with great emphasis. "There are some sorrows that a woman must bear alone. It is Heaven's decree that a woman's sorrow is only doubled when she tries to share it with another—either with a sister or with a brother—even so good a friend as Oliver Goldsmith."

"That such should be your thought shows how deep is your misery," said he. "I cannot believe that it could be increased by your confiding its origin to me."

"Ah, I see everything but too plainly," she cried, throwing herself down on her chair once more and burying her face in her hands. "Why, all my misery arises from the possibility of some one knowing whence it arises. Oh, I have said too much," she cried piteously. She had sprung to her feet and was standing looking with eager eyes into his. "Pray, forget what I have said, my friend. The truth is that I do not know what I say; oh, pray go! away—go away and leave me alone with my sorrow—it is my own—no one has a right to it but myself."

There was actually a note of jealousy in her voice, and there came a little flash from her eyes as she spoke.

"No, I will not go away from you, my poor child," said he. "You shall tell me first what that man to whom I saw you speak in the Green Room last night has to do with your sorrow."

She did not give any visible start when he had spoken. There was a curious look of cunning in her eyes—a look that made him shudder, so foreign was it to her nature, which was ingenuous to a fault.

"A man? Did I speak to a man?" she said slowly, affecting an endeavour to recall a half-forgotten incident of no importance. "Oh, yes, I suppose I spoke to quite a number of men in the Green Room. How crowded it was! And it became so heated! Ah, how terrible the actresses looked in their paint!—almost as terrible as a lady of quality!"

"Poor child!" said he. "My heart bleeds for you. In striving to hide everything from me you have told me all—all except—listen to me, Mary. Nothing that I can hear—nothing that you can tell me—will cause me to think the least that is ill of you; but I have seen enough to make me aware that that man—Captain Jackson, he calls himself—"

"How did you find out his name?" she said in a whisper. "I did not tell you his name even at the Pantheon."

"No, you did not; but yet I had no difficulty finding it out. Tell me why it is that you should be afraid of that man? Do you not know as well as I do that he is a rascal? Good heavens! Mary, could you fail to see rascal written on his countenance for all men and women to read?"

"He is worse than you or anyone can imagine, and yet—"

"How has he got you in his power—that is what you are going to tell me."

"No, no; that is impossible. You do not know what you ask. You do not know me, or you would not ask me to tell you."

"What would you have me think, child?"

"Think the worst—the worst that your kind heart can think—only leave me—leave me. God may prove less unkind than He seems to me. I may soon die. 'The only way her guilt to cover.'"

"I cannot leave you, and I say again that I refuse to believe anything ill of you. Do you really think that it is possible for me to have written so much as I have written about men and women without being able to know when a woman is altogether good—a man altogether bad? I know you, my dear, and I have seen him. Why should you be afraid of him? Think of the friends you have."

"It is the thought of them that frightens me. I have friends now, but if they knew all that that man can tell, they would fly from me with loathing. Oh! when I think of it all, I abhor myself. Oh, fool, fool, fool! Was ever woman such a fool before?"

"For God's sake, child, don't talk in that strain."

"It is the only strain in which I can talk. It is the cry of a wretch who stands on the brink of a precipice and knows that hands are being thrust out behind to push her over."

She tottered forward with wild eyes, under the influence of her own thought. He caught her and supported her in his arms.

"That shows you, my poor girl, that if there are unkind hands behind you, there are still some hands that are ready to keep your feet from slipping. There are hands that will hold you back from that precipice, or else those who hold them out to you will go over the brink with you. Ah, my dear, dear girl, nothing can happen to make you despair. In another year—perhaps in another month—you will wonder how you could ever have taken so gloomy a view of the present hour."

A gleam of hope came into her eyes. Only for an instant it remained there, however. Then she shook her head, saying—

"Alas! Alas!"

She seated herself once more, but he retained her hand in one of his own, laying his other caressingly on her head.

"You are surely the sweetest girl that ever lived," said he. "You fill with your sweetness the world through which I walk. I do not say that it would be a happiness for me to die for you, for you know that if my dying could save you from your trouble I would not shrink from it. What I do say is that I should like to live for you—to live to see happiness once again brought to you. And yet you will tell me nothing—you will not give me a chance of helping you."

She shook her head sadly.

"I dare not—I dare not," she said. "I dare not run the chance of forfeiting your regard for ever."

"Good-bye," he said, after a pause.

He felt her fingers press his own for a moment; then he dropped her hand and walked toward the door. Suddenly, however, he returned to her.

"Mary," he said, "I will seek no more to learn your secret; I will only beg of you to promise me that you will not meet that man again—that you will hold no communication with him. If you were to be seen in the company of such a man—talking to him as I saw you last night—what would people think? The world is always ready to put the worst possible construction upon anything unusual that it sees. You will promise me, my dear?"

"Alas! alas!" she cried piteously. "I cannot make you such a promise. You will not do me the injustice to believe that I spoke to him of my own free will?"

"What, you would have me believe that he possesses sufficient power over you to make you do his bidding? Great God! that can never be!"

"That is what I have said to myself day by day; he cannot possess that power over me—he cannot be such a monster as to . . . oh, I cannot speak to you more! Leave me—leave me! I have been a fool and I must pay the penalty of my folly."

Before he would make a reply, the door was opened and Mrs. Bunbury danced into the room, her mother following more sedately and with a word of remonstrance.

"Nonsense, dear mamma," cried Little Comedy. "What Mary needs is someone who will raise her spirits—Dr. Goldsmith, for instance. He has, I am sure, laughed her out of her whimsies. Have you succeeded, Doctor? Nay, you don't look like it, nor does she, poor thing! I felt certain that you would be in the act of reading a new comedy to her, but I protest it would seem as if it was a tragedy that engrossed your attention. He doesn't look particularly like our agreeable Rattle at the present moment, does he, mamma? And it was the same at supper last night. It might have been fancied that he was celebrating a great failure instead of a wonderful success."

For the next quarter of an hour the lively girl chatted away, imitating the various actors who had taken part in the comedy, and giving the author some account of what the friends whom she had met that day said of the piece. He had never before felt the wearisomeness of a perpetually sparkling nature. Her laughter grated upon his ears; her gaiety was out of tune with his mood. He took leave of the family at the first breathing space that the girl permitted him.

(To be continued.)

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FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Rank autumn in a mist of miseries!" How *triste* it is, after the radiant summer, to watch the wind shake the wet autumn tresses of the beeches and knock about the



"UNDER THE RED ROBE": GIL DE BERAULT ACCORDING TO OUR ARTIST, MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE.

sunflowers and the hollyhocks! If Robbie Burns (near whose mausoleum I write) had many autumn days like *this*, I do not marvel that "a spirit in his feet" led him to the Globe tavern in Dumfries.

Being near Dumfries, of course I visited that great local lion, Prince Charlie's rooms in the Commercial Hotel. The chief room is spacious, well proportioned, curiously panelled in wood stained to resemble stone, and contains a good old portrait of the adventurer on horseback.

The Prince's bed-room is less magnificent. "It was occupied last night," said the person who showed it, "by a gentleman and lady on their wedding tour. In fact, *their clothes were full of rice*." So various are the guests of an inn—a Glasgow pair on their honeymoon, a Prince on his way to rout Hawley at Falkirk, and to be routed at Culloden. However, I rather think the moral for "young lovers newly wed" is to shake the betraying Indian grain from their garments. It was originally thrown in the East to drive away evil spirits.

There are several stories about Peebles and the pride of its natives. The following is more new. An elderly man was seen on the bridge of Peebles, walking back and forward, and gazing right and left. As he walked he was heard to murmur, "It's a lee, it's a dawmed lee!" Some one asked him what he meant. "I was thirty years in India," he answered, "and I aye tell'd them the river at Calcutta was na half the breadth o' the Tweed at Peebles." And he had meant to tell the honest truth!

We do unconsciously overestimate a number of things. William Wordsworth did not often overestimate his contemporaries. Everyone has heard how he asked "Poets, what poets does he mean?" when the Ettrick Shepherd said that the Aurora Borealis, which they were watching, "was just celebrating the meeting of huz poets." Wordsworth thought that the plural was superfluous.

However, in 1835, Hogg died, and Wordsworth celebrated him in an "Extempore Effusion." After lamenting Coleridge, Lamb, Scott, Hogg, he wrote—

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

Who? I ask the candid reader to guess who was that "holy Spirit"? It was the lady whom Scott thought "too poetical"; it was Mrs. Hemans. Alas! where is the fame of Mrs. Hemans now? And who could have anticipated that the severe Wordsworth would rate her so high—and so "deep"? Mr. Matthew Arnold quotes a passage wherein Scott likens Byron to Shakspeare, with the added grace of "a man of quality." We cannot trust these generous estimates of Tweed or of contemporaries. Scott had spoken also of Joanna Baillie as "the bold Enchantress," who "seized the harp of the Bard of Avon." Joanna is as much forgotten as Mrs. Hemans; nay, is

even more neglected. The rivulet has sunk to its proper proportions, and is not altogether so wide as the Ganges.

Still, these are generous errors, and one wishes that Tennyson, Browning, and Mr. Matthew Arnold had uttered large praises of each other, even as Byron and Scott, praising Coleridge, were accused (apparently by Hazlitt) of "log-rolling," as it is called now! How vigorously Thackeray "log-rolled" Dickens! How Southey and Landor "ladled butter from their mutual tubs"! On the whole, no vice is less harmful to the commonwealth—not even the vice of plagiarism.

To do a little in this way of praise, let me ask, Have you read "A Stolen Mask," by Roma White, apparently an assumed name? I never heard of Miss or Mrs. White before; perhaps hers is a *nom de guerre*; but what a lively, sad, original novel she has written! There is a scene of a strolling company in their acting dresses on the river at Stratford, under the moon, which seems to myself to be of the highest merit. As to the heroine, we disapprove of and fall in love with this fascinating, wicked, neurotic young woman. The book does not take long in the reading, and leaves plenty of matter for thoughts. Let the novel-reader, bewildered by too many six-shillings'-worths, give "The Stolen Mask" a chance. It is not one of the romances "hot with," and very strong, which Thackeray liked, and which I am disposed to enjoy. There are no cloaks and swords, no disguises, duels, battles, or staircases—it is quite squalid enough to please persons of the highest culture.

Looking over that curious book, "Lives of Twelve Bad Men," one is rather tempted to be optimistic about human nature. It was very difficult to pick out twelve unrighteous men, a dozen real out-and-outers. King John does not appear: somebody has tried to whitewash this Prince with a bad name, who began the course of making "Liberal concessions." Bothwell was bad, very bad, but he really did no more than carry a point further the usual characteristics of the Scotch noblesse. He was a "more natural beast" than Morton, and not a hypocrite like the Regent Murray. He (I daresay) suggested blowing up Darnley, just to advertise the enormity of the crime. Kelley was little worse than a common sharper; Matthew Hopkins *may* have shared the belief which he exploited; Jeffreys, a fine fellow, has been whitewashed by a genial critic. In Titus Oates we at last meet a

thorough all-round blackguard; but Lord Lovat—after a youth somewhat stormy—was really not *much* worse than his Highland neighbours. In unpublished Jacobite letters by leaders of the party, I find poor Lovat spoken of, after his decease, in terms of high praise and tender commiseration. He "sat upon the fence," I allow—most of the chiefs did—but he was brave, and patriotically attached to his clan, as his clan was to him. Charteris was as bad as Oates in his own prosperous manner; MacLaine, who robbed "Horace Waddlepoodle," was a mere thief, a minion of the moon; Fitzgerald, again, was a monster; Wainwright a bad aesthete—perhaps a trifle insane; and Ned Kelly was a hero of Robbery Under Arms. Of all the wicked Twelve not one, unless Wainwright, had a touch of that insanity which Dr. Lombroso thinks so near akin to genius. Nero, and most of the bad Emperors, had *this* element of greatness, and it is curious to find it absent in our eminent scoundrels. There must be worse men, and how awful would be the History of Twelve Bad Women?—if twelve can be recruited.

We have received from Messrs. Faulkner and Co. the customary intimation that the Christmas Card season is approaching. In addition to the ordinary designs for cards there is a number of charming pictures which are independent of Christmas associations—the head of a beautiful young woman called Clio, who by any other name would look as sweet; several landscapes, and humorous drawings the point of which catches the eye agreeably without detaining it too long. Messrs. Faulkner have also sent us several new and original games, to all of which our intellect is at present quite unequal. Some are of a warlike character, and all are likely to provide not only amusement but even science for the highly cultivated brain of the present generation.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"UNDER THE RED ROBE."

The Illustrated London News takes a peculiar interest in the great success of "Under the Red Robe" at the Haymarket Theatre; for it rightly holds itself to be the godfather of the play. We say the play, for not only were we the first to introduce Mr. Weyman's story to the public—it ran for thirteen weeks from Jan. 6, 1894—but Mr. Edward Rose, who has adapted it for the stage, is one of our contributors; and not a little of the scenic effect at the Haymarket is due to Mr. Caton Woodville's admirable illustrations to the story in these pages. You cannot help being struck with this if you compare his conception of Gil de Berault with the manner in which Mr. Herbert Waring has transmogrified himself into the audacious Frenchman, as pictured in Mr. Ellis's photograph. To everybody who has seen the play Mr. Waring will henceforth realise exactly the bold Berault. The first-night audience instinctively felt this. When Mr. Rose came before the curtain at the close, and regretted the absence of Mr. Weyman, a real critic in the gallery shouted out, "It's Waring, not Weyman, we want." In fact, the Gil de Berault you see on the Haymarket stage is Weyman *plus* Woodville *plus* Waring: three "W's" rolled into one in a Pooh-Bah fashion. The result is a perfect portrait, each "W" having put into the work the best that is in him. It is a perilous process this—how perilous you saw in Mr. Tree's "Trilby"; but at the Haymarket it has proved a complete success.

THE BIRTHDAY OF "THE MIKADO."

"The Mikado," whose palace is the Savoy Theatre, is growing old; but he is neither feeble nor senile. If you had been at the Savoy on Saturday night you would have seen this, and babbled the bard's hackneyed description about Cleopatra's infinite charm. The occasion was the 1035th performance of the opera at the Savoy, and in honour of the occasion Sir Arthur Sullivan wielded Mr. Cellier's bâton for the nonce and the night. Had he not been abroad at the time he would have done so at the 1000th performance, but the 1035 nights' entertainment is only a greater tribute to his genius. Pale silks draped the house, the seats were festooned with chrysanthemums, the programme was printed on Japanese fans, and everybody got a birthday book in which staves from Gilbert and Sullivan's repertoire replaced the ordinary sentimental twaddle of such compilations. The particular passage anent Oct. 31 described the Mikado's object all sublime to mete out a fitting punishment to "the amateur tenor whose vocal villainies all desire to shirk." That was a peculiarly fitting text, for there is nothing amateur about the opera. It marks the happiest point of combination of the authors' twin genius—a peculiarly clear coherency of story; an admirable and natural medium for Mr. Gilbert's inverted view of life and love, and the permeating humour of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. The players rose to the occasion. Although "The Mikado" was originally produced so long ago as March 14, 1885, the years have left us Miss Rosina Brandram and Miss Jessie Bond in their old parts of Katisha and Pitti Sing. The rest are new-comers since those days, though most of them have appeared in previous revivals of the opera; while Mr. Fred Billington, who replaces Mr. Barrington, has served Mr. D'Oyley Carte for twenty years in the provinces. "The Mikado" has the touch of genius which gives it the charm of enduring youth. It was received with as much enthusiasm as if it had been introduced to us for the first time.



"UNDER THE RED ROBE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: GIL DE BERAULT ACCORDING TO MR. HERBERT WARING, ACTOR.



ON THE SEASHORE.—DRAWN BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS.

No more brilliant alliance has been contracted by a member of the House of Orléans since the day when Louis Philippe lost the throne of France than the marriage of the Duc d'Orléans with the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, eldest daughter of the esteemed Archduke Joseph of Austria. The announcement of the betrothal of the Duke to a Princess not only so near of kin to the Emperor of Austria, but nearly connected through him with all the most powerful Romanist dynasties of Europe, has aroused a feeling of complete gratification throughout the Orléans family.

The early part of the Duc d'Orléans' life was spent at the Château d'Eu, which, surrounded by its beautiful park and forest, formed an estate of which the late Comte de Paris was justly proud. The iron gates of the estate face the market place of Eu, and barely ten minutes' walk from the Château is the Collège d'Eu, where the Duc d'Orléans commenced his studies. As a boy he endeared himself to the townspeople of Eu by his frank and generous nature. Quick beyond his years, active, and mischievous in a harmless way, his was no easy character to deal with or to influence. Countless stories are told of his fun-loving propensities, and none more amusing, perhaps, than the following—

At the College of Eu, which is conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, the usual method of punishment is confinement in a cell, partially or entirely dark, with a diet of bread and water. To this cell the Duc d'Orléans was one day brought by one of the college tutors, probably not for the first time.

her husband's cause. She has already won the hearts of the Legitimist leaders with whom she has become acquainted, and it is by her especial desire that her handsome dowry is to be added to the funds of the party. The Archduchess is said to share with her husband a considerable liking for England and English ways, and it is expected that the royal couple will frequently reside at Wood Norton, the Duc d'Aumale's beautiful country place.

The wedding festivities arranged for Thursday last were to form a very brilliant affair, the assemblage of guests at the Castle of Schönbrunn, the Emperor's summer residence, and subsequently for the actual ceremony at the Hofburg, Vienna, including the King and Queen of Portugal, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and Sophie, Duchess of Alençon, the sister of the Empress. A great number of French Royalists were also present, at the invitation of the bridegroom.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Some of our English contemporaries are, to say the least, rather unjust in their comments upon the artistic pastimes of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Within the last three weeks there was published, for the benefit of a charity, an allegorical cartoon, similar in scope to that of a twelvemonth ago, entitled, "The Yellow Terror." The present composition aims at extolling the benefits of peace, and it is an open secret that his Majesty has had the assistance of the well-known artist, Herr Knackfuss. Even under these conditions, we do not

wrote a life of Cæsar, which ranks high as a piece of literary workmanship, higher in fact than Frederick's "History of Brandenburg." Emperor Francis Joseph is above all an ardent sportsman; he has few indoor amusements, and it would have been well, perhaps, for the much-tried Sovereign's peace of mind if his son had been content to follow his example throughout, and endeavoured to take warning from the axiom of the great Napoleon that "love is the occupation of the idle man, the diversion of the warrior, and the rock on which Sovereigns split."

Wilhelm II. has never given the world the least cause for scandal-mongering during his married life. Unlike William I., II., and III. of the Netherlands, he is a good husband and father, although he is not, perhaps, quite so liberal-minded a ruler as were the latter two. But he is unquestionably a better ruler than Charles I., who also claimed to be an excellent spouse and father, but who has, nevertheless, incurred the suspicion of having many bloody corners in his monarchical cupboard, apart from that particular one where the ghost of the murdered Strafford, his accomplice as well as his victim, must have uprisen before him now and then.

Wilhelm II. has no sins of this kind lying at his door, and his conjugal record is absolutely clean, although it is well known—in Berlin, at any rate—that his consort was not of his own choosing. Truly, his bride was not unattractive, but we feel certain that if she had been, he would not have adopted the tone towards her which Frederick the Great adopted towards his; nor let Court and



Photo Watery, Regent Street.

THE DUC D'ORLÉANS.



Photo Srelesky.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA DOROTHEA.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS.

His previous incarcerations having impressed him with a sense of discomfort, he delayed his entrance on one excuse or another, finally stating that he could not go in, as there was a spider at the further end. The kindly tutor at once stepped into the cell to remove the objectionable tenant, when in a moment the Duc d'Orléans had locked the door upon him. From this active dislike of captivity one may imagine how his enforced residence at Clairvaux in later years must have palled on him.

It is quite certain that the Duke is possessed of no insignificant intellectual qualities; and a force of character which circumstances will doubtless develop. He is an ardent sportsman, like all his family, and has a most unique collection of arms and sporting trophies. Among the former is a rifle severed at the junction of stock and barrel by the stroke of a tigress's claw, which, but for a plucky shot, would have put an end to the Duke's life. All outdoor sports and exercises commend themselves to this energetic Prince, who is a thoroughly manly and at the same time a remarkably well-educated young fellow. Active, intelligent, and high-spirited, he possesses in no small degree that peculiar charm of kindly courtesy which endeared his parents to all who knew them, and is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the House of Orléans.

Princess Maria Dorothea is exceptionally accomplished as a musician and as a linguist. She has an Austrian cast of features, and is altogether very graceful and distinguished in appearance. The charm of her personality has won her many friends in all grades of life. She takes a keen interest in the condition of the working classes of her native country, and when she was in England for the wedding of Princess Hélène of Orleans, she made a point of paying a visit incognito to Toynbee Hall. The Archduchess seems likely to prove a valuable recruit to

suppose for an instant that the design comes up in artistic merits to those of Raphael, Michael Angelo, or, to descend a peg or two, of Kaulbach, Ingres, or Puvis de Chavannes. It is more than probable that the Emperor himself fosters no illusions on the subject; but if he does, where would be the harm? The conception and execution have no doubt afforded the imperial amateur relaxation from his more serious thoughts, and we in England, ever ready as we are to lavish praise on the crude artistic efforts or milk-and-water scribbles of any titled personage, ought to be a little more charitable than we are in this instance.

The strongest bow cannot always be bent to its utmost, and what should this young Sovereign do to get relief from the cares of State? Peter the Great, carpenter, shipwright, and Heaven knows what else besides, in his determination to impart a slight degree of civilisation to his Asiatic subjects, took to amateur dentistry as an amusement. It is questionable if nowadays Peter would get many subjects to experimentalise upon even among his most obsequious courtiers. Nor would Louis XIII., who took to amateur barbering. Richelieu, who was a king in all but the name, took to playwriting; Louis XVI. to making locks and to imitating within his powers the immortal Quentin Matsys. Frederick the Great played the flute and composed music, and, what was better still, music that was, according to very competent critics, worth playing. About seven years ago, a collected edition of Frederick's compositions saw the light at Leipzig, and I remember perfectly well the very favourable criticisms of those who were not bound to criticise favourably from any attachment, either personally or dynastically, to the great hero. The present Czar of Russia cultivates his excellent tenor voice in his spare moments; his father played the trombone; his great-grandfather whistled. Napoleon III.

other chroniclers gloat over his matrimonial disappointments. He would have exercised more self-control than did Henry VIII., who felt ready to drop when Anne of Cleves came into his presence; he would have behaved in a more dignified manner than the "first gentleman of Europe," who clamoured for brandy when he saw Caroline of Brunswick, and who, according to some unimpeachable testimony, passed his wedding-night lying drunk on the floor, with his head in the grate, or, at all events, dangerously near to the fire.

And yet many young men in the exalted position of Wilhelm II. that was to be would not have withstood the temptations that always beset their paths. Rudolph of Hapsburg did not; and the late Alfonso XII., in spite of all the rhapsodies about him, was faithless to his first wife, the young and charming Princess Mercedes, who was of his own choosing, if Archduchess Christine was not. The young Prince who will go down to posterity as Wilhelm, the second Emperor of the Germans, did not choose for himself, did not even pretend to choose. His mother presented to him an album containing the portraits of twelve Princesses considered suitable to mate with him. Young Wilhelm himself, who wanted to marry a singer, Carlotta Grossi, and relinquish his rights to the throne in favour of his brother Henry, absolutely refused to choose. His mother chose for him. Apparently it was a good choice, for all that; but young men, whether Princes or more lowly born, do not always look at things in that light. It is greatly to Emperor Wilhelm's credit that, under the circumstances, he did not take to more vicious pastimes than harmless posing, amateur drawing, and composing; and, with all due deference to our English carping contemporaries, they should make these allowances.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

There is such a horrible fog stretching its grey influence over my dimly lighted room (the authorities of the Electric Light Company having chosen this auspicious moment to execute some special repairs) that I am reduced to three candles, and I cannot consider with any degree of enthusiasm the walking costume or the coat. The tea-gown



A COSTUME OF DARK RED REP.

appears to be the only garment worthy of my affectionate thoughts—such a tea-gown as that, for instance, which my artist has illustrated on this page, made in Liberty velveteen of a pavement grey; this is hemmed with écarlate guipure and displays a front of pale lemon-tinted crêpe de Chine. Any woman would be satisfied to be embraced by its folds, which in their turn on such a day as this should be embraced by the arms of a crimson velvet chair. Of course, if a heroine in fiction, she should permit the fire-light to play upon her auburn-tinted tresses. Tresses, by the way, are not so auburn tinted as they were. Our locks assume a darker hue than heretofore, although, of course, there is the indispensable gleam of gold on their surface. London hairdressers are getting quite clever in the various adjustments with which they contrive to hide the deficiencies of nature. It is quite possible to insert a little curl at either temple and defy detection, and the new arrangements of coils, etc., really are endless. The form of frissette which permits you to use your own hair and make a substantial-looking coil even out of the most meagre quantity is admirable. The French style of hairdressing on the top of the head is not becoming to us Englishwomen, but it is essential to the proper conduct of the French hat. All the best dressed women in the evening may be seen with diamond ornaments in the front of their hair setting the fringe which is usually waved outwards somewhat flat in the centre. Furthermore have I observed that the large comb known as the Spanish comb, because it lends its influence to the best arrangement of the mantilla, is putting in a bid for popularity once more—this is, of course, the result of dressing your hair right on the top of your head. Something is then needed to decorate it above the nape of the neck, and this comb is being used just half-way between the neck and the top of the head. You who have tortoiseshell combs of ancient date may prepare to use them now, and be thankful that in a misguided moment you did not give them to your pet maid. Ospreys and ostrich-feathers sometimes decorate the coiffure, but these are not nearly so attractive as the jewelled ornaments, but neither are they so dear—this is a detail. And another detail which I must not forget is that dress illustrated with the tea-gown on this page. This is a very fine rep in dark red with a short bolero outlined with braid in black and gold, the single revers being edged with wolverine, while an elaborate lace cravat at the neck frills its way softly to the waist, the hem of the skirt being braided again with black and gold. This is a model which would suit any woman with a good figure, and would lend itself amiably to wear beneath the sac jacket; and in its latest aspect of caracule, broadtail, or sealskin the sac jacket really deserves the fondest of epithets.

We have most of us been contemplating our evening gowns with attention during the last week, for London has begun to wake up; the crowded condition of the theatres and restaurants testifies to this, and it may be noticed that the high evening bodice is more in favour than it has been for many seasons. The high evening bodice is a matter

which requires very earnest consideration, because it must be made by the artist to insure its becomingness. For a low bodice you can trust to a good pair of shoulders and the outline of a fair piece of lace, and the deed is done, but every detail of belt, of finish at the neck, of sleeve must be perfect in the high bodice, else will the result be a failure. A luxury which I have met this week deserving of all honour was made of white chiffon, with a bolero of cream-coloured lace falling from the shoulders and strapped at the top with little narrow bands of white satin fastened with diamond buttons; a transparent collar-band of lace and a frill of lace just over the top of this at the back formed a charming finish, and the sleeves were of the white chiffon wrinkling down to the wrists. A very attractive black bodice, which has also come my way, was made of net, and embroidered in wavy lines from neck to waist with diamonds and silver sequins. The belt and collar-band of this were of the brightest cherry colour, and the sleeves had a short puff at the top traced with diamonds, the lower portion being unlined and fitting tightly to the wrist. Yet a third lovely evening bodice have I seen of a cherry-coloured chiffon tucked by hand and striped with cream-coloured insertion bordered on either side with a very narrow line of mink. This, worn with a watered silk skirt of paler tone than the pink of the bodice, fastened round the waist with a corselet of ribbons of three shades of cerise, looked delightful. And now that I come to think of it, the skirt is a very important part of the high evening bodice. The practice of wearing a skirt which has no relationship to the bodice is no longer pursued by the woman of fashion. An economical purchase is a skirt of chiné silk or many-coloured brocade, with which light bodices of all shades may be effectively used, while a black moiré skirt or satin skirt traced with jet and steel sequins is a valuable possession, which should only be worn with bodices either of white or of black. Turquoise blue is a colour which suits nine women out of ten, and may be adopted for evening wear in the fond hope that it will last cleaner than blue of azure tone or white or pink. An evening gown of last year's date in turquoise-blue satin I have seen charmingly renovated with an over-skirt of pale blue chiffon gathered round the hips and falling from the knees in a very deep flounce of the chiffon hemmed with mink. The bodice was entirely covered with a very fine pleating of blue chiffon, and trimmed with a zouave of Brussels lace flouncing, arranged in pleats over the shoulders and down the centre of the back with most excellent effect. The waist was encircled with a broad band of black and white satin ribbon, and the sleeves showed epaulettes of turquoise blue boasting three kilted frills.

Besides evening dresses I have to contemplate the extravagant possibilities of evening cloaks, and, unhappily, we do not all of us possess sable linings which will amiably lend themselves to black satin covers and white lace hoods. Failing such delights we adopt a short coat with a lining of white Thibet, or decline upon a lower range of fancy and have a brocade Empire coat lined with plain white satin. And talking of lining reminds me that I have not answered a letter from "A Fidget," who may certainly be envied her sable circular lining, and be advised to use it either for evening in a white mirror moiré cape, which should be draped with lace, or for the daytime in a sac coat of drab cloth liberally strapped and made by a tailor, supplied with a collar of sable. Her own suggestion of a black velvet sac I also like very much. Furthermore may Fidget be advised to use white satin to line her blue train and to make her petticoat.—PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Every year the annual conference of the "National Union of Women Workers" increases in interest. It is fortunate for its prosperity that the Union had its origin in Church, and perhaps rather Conservative, circles. The more "advanced" element is easily added, or rather adds itself, in natural evolutionary progress; while the Church ladies will not come into any movement originally promoted in the more Radical circles of religion and politics. The "National Union of Women Workers" has for its president Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of Peterborough, and the chair was taken at different meetings by Lady Laura Ridding, wife of the Bishop of Southwell; the Hon. Mrs. MacLagan, wife of the Archbishop of York; the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttelton, and other ladies closely connected with the established order of things in Church and State. Hence, though much of what was said seemed somewhat trite and accepted to those members of the conference who have been for years past recognising and considering the new developments of women's sphere of activity and influence, all must perceive the advantage of having such subjects brought thus fully before the class of ladies who have too long remained rather aloof from public work at large.

Perhaps the most interesting and valuable of the discussions was that on "The Proposed Special Department for the Care of Children under the Poor Law." So many women Guardians of the poor were present that it was impossible for all to speak who wished to do so; and it was delightful to hear the sense and clearness of the speeches that were delivered—full both of practical knowledge and wise thought—and to note the strong individual opinions formed and the rational manner in which those opinions were accounted for. The paper was read by Mrs. Finlay, Poor-Law Guardian of Hampstead; it was in favour of the formation of a new department for children under the Local Government Board. Miss Lidgett, Guardian of St. Pancras, severely criticised the recent report of the "Departmental Committee" on Pauper Children. Her vigorous attack was replied to by Mrs. Barnett, the only lady member of the Committee in question, who, of course, defended the report. Miss Lidgett was supported by most of the other speakers. Whichever has most right on her side, it was truly gratifying to perceive how well tempered was the discussion, how well argued was the case by all who spoke, and how abundantly

clear it was that the only thought in the minds of all these ladies was how best to provide for and how most adequately to "mother" the children of the State.

Other topics discussed were "The Right Use of Women's Local Franchises," "Women's Emigration," "The Provision for Educated and Destitute Women," "Boys' Clubs Conducted by Ladies," "How to Raise Money for Charitable Works," "Serving on Committees," "The Education and Registration of Midwives," "Fines for Working Women," and "Competition amongst Brain-Workers."

The Queen of Portugal has been studying medicine for some two years past, and has actually taken one of her examinations. She is now in Paris for the first time since her family was expelled from French soil on the ground that her marriage with the heir to a throne showed that they still claimed to be considered as a reigning house. It is the ardour of her pursuit of her medical studies that has overcome the indignation that the Princess not unnaturally felt on that occasion. She has gone to Paris to continue medical study, and she and her ladies spend some hours daily dressing and bandaging in the wards of a great children's hospital in Paris.

At the annual meeting of Convocation of Victoria University a resolution was carried the purport of which was to urge the Council to do away with the granting of certificates to women students. This was an eminently reasonable decision, as all the degrees are open to women, and hence special certificates also are out of place.

Bread is rising in price, and wheat and flour are "going up" by leaps and bounds. A main reason for this is the probability of a famine in India. Already riots are breaking out from the dreadful distress in some parts of India. The Viceroy has sent over a joyous record of the greater number of miles of railway and the larger number of acres under irrigation in India now than there were twenty years ago, and expresses the hope that, therefore, any oncomings of famine may be dealt with more effectually than before. But, alas! a very different fact is announced at the same time—namely, that in the last ten years some thirty-six millions of mouths have been added to the population of India. It sounds incredible, but, unfortunately, it is usually the case that any improvement in the conditions of life to an ordinary population is at once eaten up in the form of an increase of numbers, and this is especially the case among the Hindoos, who are, unhappily, taught by their religion to marry at the earliest possible age, and to become the parents of as many children as they can. Great efforts were made by the English and American lady doctors practising in India, some five years ago, to get the Government to forbid the



A TEA-GOWN OF LIBERTY VELVETEEN.

taking home by husbands of little girl-wives under fourteen. The medical women, of course, spoke only from the physiological point of view: the cases of cruelty to little girl-wives of nine, ten, and twelve, that they had treated were of the most heartrending description. The Government did pass a Bill, but it raised the age to twelve only. From the economical point of view, it seems as if the higher age should have been accepted. At any rate, the facts are as above stated, and we shall probably only too soon hear of the distress in India that demands English assistance, at the same time that our own poorer classes will find bread dearer—a sad prospect for the winter.

F. F. M.

A COMMON-SENSE DIET.

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

You will hear sufferers exclaim, "I feel out of sorts!" "I am below par!" "I am losing weight!" Some rush to quack nostrums and become worse. Some are unwilling—or unable—to consult medical advisers, who would probably recommend things which might or might not help them. And, after all, a little common-sense must tell them that by following rational dietary rules they can maintain and restore that vigour which, by errors in diet, in conjunction with their surroundings, they have lost. Good health—the greatest blessing mortals can enjoy, and never really valued till lost—can be preserved in the majority of mankind by attention to diet.

A Food Beverage such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, with its unique powers of nutriment and exceptional vitalising properties, is a means whereby strength and nervous energy is gained as a rational outcome of increased vitality and the pleasing consequence of greater nourishment and sustenance force.

It aids the digestive powers, and is invaluable to tired men and delicate women and children.

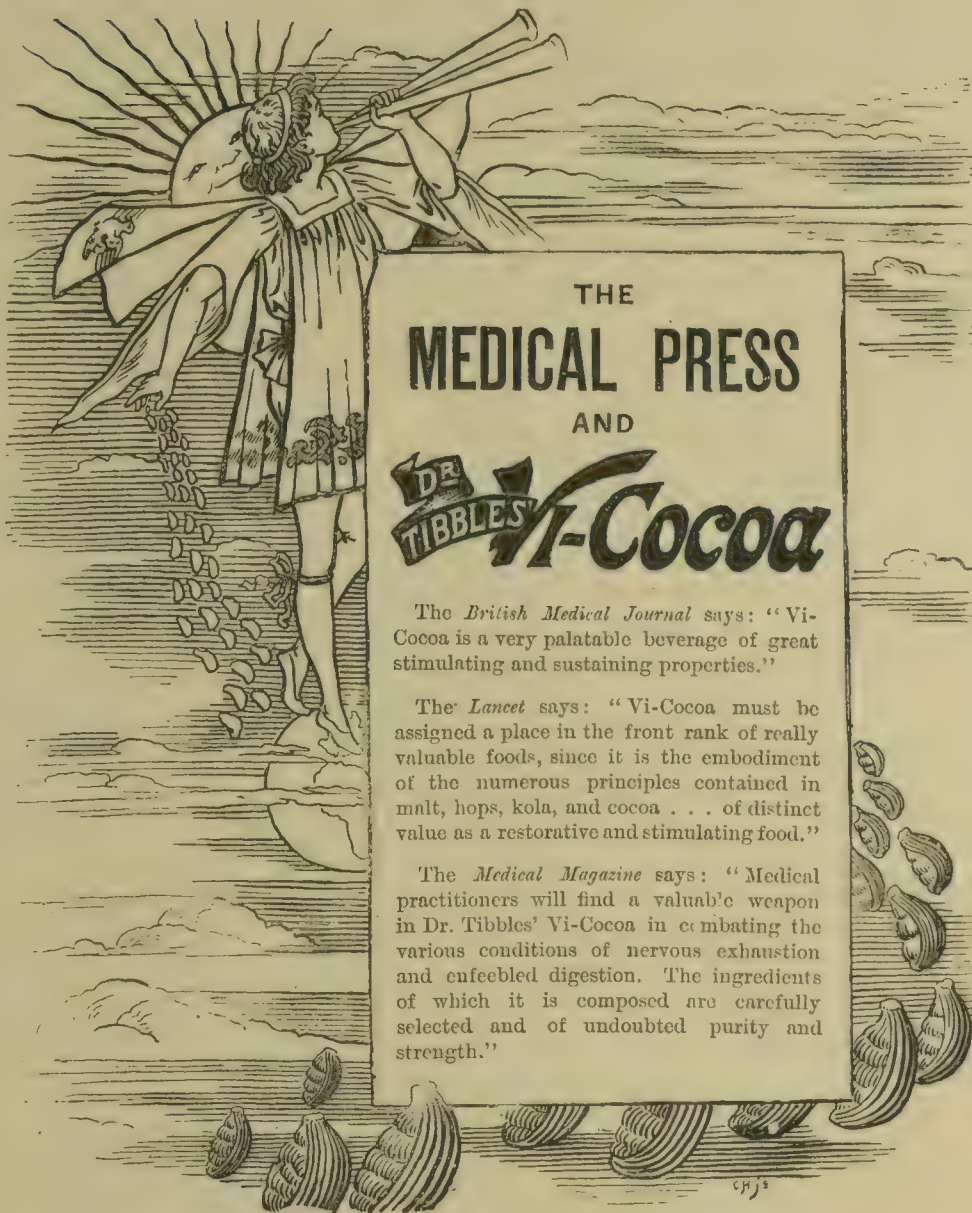
It has the refreshing properties of fine tea, the nourishment of the best cocoas, and a tonic and recuperative possessed by neither, and can be used in all cases where tea and coffee are prohibited.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

The thickness of the grey matter of the brain determines intelligence and intellectual capacity. These, to be fruitful in any walk of life, must be trained, and this training is best aided by a strong nerve food and restorer, such as will be found in the *Kola* of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. Where there is brain-fag and utter limpness, what is to be done? This is the time that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa plays such an important part. It not only revives the exhausted nervous system, but it builds up the grey matter, gives tone to what we may call the fountain of life and vigour. For it must never be forgotten that when other powers of muscle, heart, liver, kidneys, and stomach, faint and flag, when nearing the termination of all earthly joys, the brain is clear and strong while it looks into the great unknown future. The action of this wonderful power on all the motor and sensory factors of life has not been fully appreciated, valued, or understood.

The tired student, the exhausted professional man, the teacher, are revived, restored, and strengthened by Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, mainly through the action of that beneficent ingredient, *Kola*, which brightens the eye, and stores up reserve power in the nervous system. Bear in mind, the nervous system controls and directs all the powers of a vigorous life. It is the man or woman with the strongest nervous system that wins in the battle of life. Therefore the duty of all is to strengthen this controlling power, and nothing has been so effective in doing this as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, J J O'H (Portadown).—We receive correspondents' names in confidence, and cannot give them without consent.

J TUCKER (Purley).—After Black plays 1. P to K 5th; 2. Q to Q 7th (ch), 2. K moves, 3. either Kt Mates accordingly.

M HAYFIELD.—Your good opinion of No. 2731 was well deserved. Solution of No. 2737 correct.

II E KIDSON.—Will you kindly send us another diagram—the first has been misplaced!

II F W LANE.—(1) We have not reached it yet. (2) No, if such pieces are the only means of attaining the end in question.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM Nos. 2735 and 2739 received from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2740 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and W Lillie (Manchester); of No. 2741 from Oliver Icingla, Emile Frau (Lyons), C W Smith (Stroud), and W H Williamson (Belfast); of No. 2742 from T Roberts, T G (Ware), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J Bailey (Newark), W H Williamson, J P Moon, Oliver Icingla, Eugene Henry, H S Brandreth, C E M (Ayr), Tanderagee, R Worters (Canterbury), R H Brooks, C E Perugini, and Castle Lea.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2743 received from G J Veal, Bluet, G T Hughes (Portunna), Shadforth, F James (Wolverhampton), W R Baillem, Alpha, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), F Anderson, E P Vuilliamy, T G Ware, Captain Spencer, M A Lyre (Folkstone), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), F R Ward, Eugene Henry, E Loudon, J D Tucker (Leeds), G D Gillaspie, J S Wesley (Exeter), W d A Barnard (Uppingham), and H R Consens (Halstead).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2742.—By F. HEALEY.

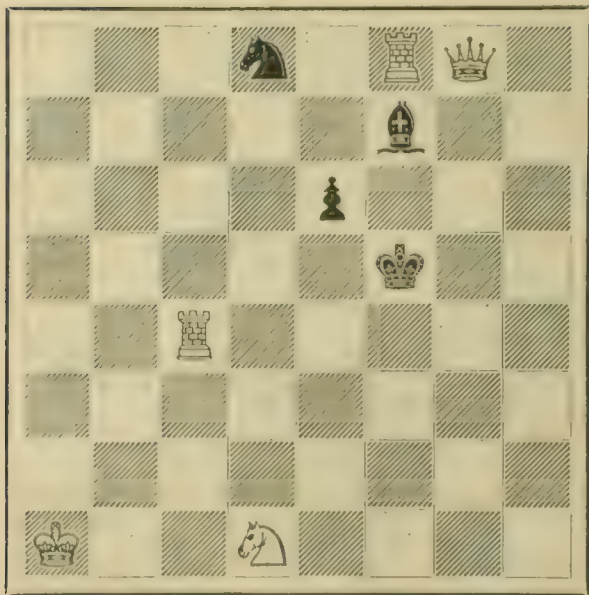
- WHITE.
1. Kt to R 8th
2. B takes P (ch)
3. Q mates.
- BLACK.
K moves
K takes B or moves

If Black play 1. P or Kt moves, then 2. Q to R 7th (ch), and 3. Q or P mates.

PROBLEM No. 2745.

By J. W. ARBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BUDAPEST.

Game played in the tourney between MESSRS. JANOWSKI and TSCHIGORIN.
(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. T.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q B 3rd

This move has often been condemned, but its adoption in this case does not seem to justify the harsh criticisms generally applied to it. The opening and middle, in fact, proceeds for some time quite uneventfully, every move being well considered.

4. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
5. B to Q 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd
6. Kt to B 3rd B to Q 3rd
7. Castles Castles
8. P to K 4th P takes B P
9. B takes P Q to K 4th
10. B to K Kt 5th Q to K 2nd
11. P to Q 5th Kt to Kt 3rd
12. B to Kt 3rd B to Kt 5th
13. P to K R 3rd P to R 4th
14. P takes P P takes P
15. P to Kt 4th B to Kt 3rd
16. Kt to K R 4th K to R sq
17. Kt to B 5th B takes Kt
18. Kt P takes B P to K R 3rd
19. B to R 4th Q R to Q sq
20. Q to K 2nd P to Kt 4th
21. B to Kt 3rd R to K Kt sq
22. K to Kt 2nd R to K 2nd
23. Q R to Q sq P to K R 4th
24. R to K R sq P to R 5th
25. B to R 2nd

Good moves are scarce now. Kt to Q 5th would simply lose the Kt P. Perhaps the best was R takes B, avoiding the loss which followed, and which proved more serious.

32. P to B 5th
33. B to B 2nd Q to R 3rd
34. Kt to Kt 5th Kt takes P

This is the initial move of a splendid combination, which is quite in Black's best style. The game is soon terminated now.

35. B takes Kt B takes B
36. Kt to Q 6th R to B 4th
37. P to B 6th R to Kt 7th (ch)
38. K to B sq B takes Kt
39. R takes B R takes B
40. R to Q sq R (B7) to Kt 7th
41. K to K sq Kt to R 5th
42. Q to R 3rd R to Kt 8th (ch)
43. R takes R R takes R (ch)

White must lose, for Q to R 4th (ch) which comes next, is fatal.

After a lapse of about three years, a serious effort is about to be made to revive the meetings of the Counties Chess Association. Craigsides is admirably adapted for holding these gatherings, for the tournament there is already established as an annual and most enjoyable meeting. The proposition now is for Mr. Skipworth, as representing the Counties Association, and Mr. Firth, as representing the executive of the Craigsides tournaments, to organise a joint meeting under the title of the "Counties and Craigsides Tournament, 1897." The management of the Craigsides Hydro have kindly promised a subscription of £20 towards the prize fund, and will give specially moderate terms to all competitors and members of the association who attend the meeting. It is hoped that this tournament will be the means of putting new life into the old association, and of reviving the pleasant annual meetings, the cessation of which so many amateurs regret. A full programme of the tournament will shortly be printed, particulars of which will appear in the chess columns and in the chess magazines for December.

One of the last public ceremonies of a charitable nature in which the late Prince Henry of Battenberg took part was the laying of the foundation-stone of new schools for St. John's parish, Hackney, by Princess Beatrice. On Saturday last the new buildings were dedicated by the Bishop of Stepney and formally opened by Lord Amherst of Hackney in the presence of a large gathering. The new schools have cost £8000, of which £3000 still remains to be raised, that educational work may proceed unhampered by debt.

The funeral oration at the burial of the late M. Challemlacour was spoken by M. Hanotaux, and other addresses were delivered by M. Loubet, the dead statesman's successor as President of the Senate, and M. Mezières, who represented the French Academy. M. Challemlacour has bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to the Poor-Law administrators for distribution amongst the poor of the Paris quarter in which he lived.

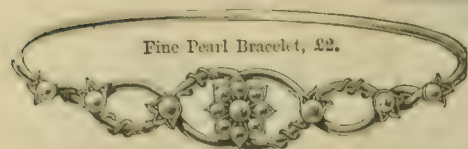
WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 29, 1889), with three codicils (dated Jan. 9 and Nov. 9, 1891, and Nov. 25, 1895), of Mr. Alfred Marriott, of The Grange, Hopton, near Mirfield, Yorkshire, who died on July 28, was proved, on Oct. 28 by the Rev. Frederick Ralph Grenside, Thomas Alfred Smith, Samuel Joseph Chadwick, Thomas Lang Chadwick, Charles St. John Kellett Roche, and the Rev. Henry William Tucker, the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, six of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £594,206. The testator directs his executors to convert all his real and personal estate into money, and to pay out of such part thereof, so far as it will go, as may not by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, all his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses and legacies. He bequeaths £15,000 to the children of his brother William Thomas Marriott; £15,000 to his nephew, William Hall Marriott (the son of his said brother); £15,000 to the children of his sister Elizabeth Ann Buckton; £10,000 to the children of his sister Emma Woodhead; £10,000, upon trust, for his sister Emma Woodhead, for life, and then for her daughter, Grace; £10,000, upon trust, for John Lewis Micklethwaite; £7000 to Mrs. Sophia Smith; £7000, upon trust, for Margaret Eleanor Micklethwaite, for life; £6000, upon trust, for Nellie Ackroyd, for life, and then for her children; £250 each to his executors; and £100 each to his servants who have been five years in his service at his death. As to such part of the residue of his property as may be bequeathed for charitable purposes, he bequeaths one sixth to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to be placed by the committee of the society to a separate and distinct account, to be called "The Account of the Marriott Bequest," and to be held by the committee in trust to devote one half of the bequest to the erection of churches in foreign parts, under which expression he includes all parts of the world other than the United Kingdom and Ireland, but so, nevertheless, that no greater sum shall be expended on any one church than £2000; and to devote the remaining half part of such bequest to the establishment and endowment of hospitals and colleges or other places of education also in foreign parts, or in the enlargement, either by building additional wings or annexes or otherwise, or improvement of any existing hospital in foreign parts, but so, nevertheless, that no greater sum than £100 per annum shall be paid for the endowment of any one hospital or college, or other place of education, and that no greater sum than £2000 shall be expended in the enlargement or improvement of any existing hospital. And it is his express desire that the said bequest be entirely applied to the above purposes within the period of six years after his decease, and that any balance remaining in the hands of the committee unexpended at the expiration of such period be returned to his trustees to be applied as part of the balance of his residuary estate. He bequeaths a further one sixth thereof to the Lord Bishop of London, to be also placed to a distinct account to be called "The Account of the Marriott Bequest," and to be held by the Bishop of London for the

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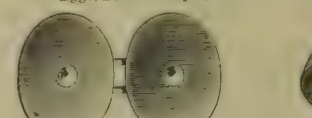


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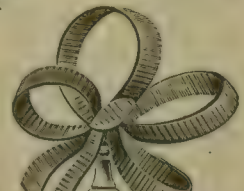
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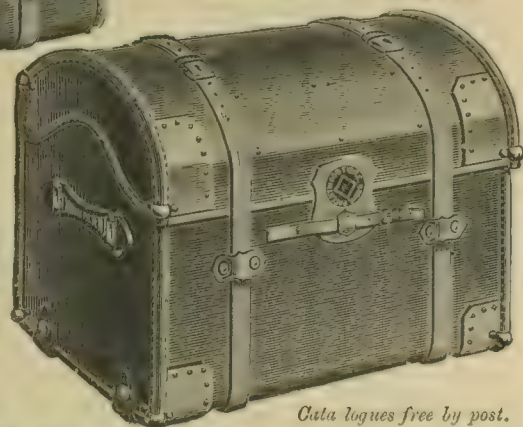
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time being, in trust, to devote one half of the bequest towards the erection of churches in the poorest and most thickly populated districts of the metropolis, excluding the City of London, but no greater sum than £2000 is to be expended in the erection of any one church; and to devote the remaining half part of such bequest to the endowment of such societies for assisting the fallen of either sex, hospitals, or refuges in the metropolis as shall, in the opinion of the Bishop of London for the time being, be of the greatest public utility and stand most in need of funds, or in the enlargement either by building additional wings, or annexes, or otherwise, or improvement of any existing similar hospital or refuges in the metropolis, but so that no greater sum than £100 per annum shall be provided for the endowment of any one society, hospital, or refuge, and that no greater sum than £2000 shall be expended in the enlargement or improvement of any one existing hospital or refuge; and he recommends to the attention of the Bishop as worthy objects, societies for the succour of orphan children and fallen women, and for the assistance of seafaring men, and he desires the bequest to be entirely applied within six years after his death, and any balance then remaining is to be applied as part of the balance of his residuary estate; and he bequeaths one sixth each of such residuary fund to the Lord Archbishop of York and the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, upon similar trusts to those declared in respect of the one sixth given to the Bishop of London, for the districts of their respective dioceses, exclusive, as to the diocese of Canterbury, of the City of London. The ultimate

residue of his property that may be bequeathed for charitable purposes he gives to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, upon the same trusts as "The Marriott Bequest" except the limitation as to time. The residue of his real estate, if any, and the proceeds thereof and such part of his personal estate as cannot by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, and not otherwise disposed of by his will, he leaves in equal shares *per capita* to the children of the said William Thomas Marriott, Elizabeth Ann Buckton, Emma Woodhead, Nellie Ackroyd, and John Lewis Micklethwaite.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1886), with two codicils (dated Oct. 28, 1887, and July 4, 1895), of Colonel Edward Brown Lees, J.P., of Thurland Castle, Tunstall, Lancashire, who died on Aug. 27 at Hollinwood, Oldham, was proved on Oct. 22 by Mrs. Dorothy Lees, the widow, and John Rowntree, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £125,926. The testator gives £500, an annuity of £1000, furniture to the value of £500, and the use and enjoyment during widowhood of Thurland Castle, together with an additional £1500 per annum during the time she occupies the said estate, to his wife; but she is to be at liberty, should she so desire, to terminate her life interest in Thurland Castle, and is then to receive another £500 per annum during widowhood. Subject as aforesaid, he settles the Thurland Castle estates on his sons, severally and successively, according to seniority, with remainder to their first and other sons severally and successively. He bequeaths annuities of £200 to his cousin, Joseph Harwar, and £75 to Esther Esmond. The residue

of his property he leaves, upon trust, as to one twelfth thereof for each of his children, except his first and second sons; two thirds of the remaining twelfths are to follow the trusts of the Thurland Castle Estate, and the remaining one third is to be held, upon trust, for his second son.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1885) of Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., President of the Royal Academy, of 2, Palace Gate, Kensington, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Oct. 27 by Euphemia Chalmers, Lady Millais, the widow, William Henry Millais, the brother, and George Gray, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom being £98,204. The testator gives £2000, part of his furniture and wine, and such an annual sum as with that to be received by her under their marriage settlement will make up £2000 per annum, to his wife; £50,000, upon trust, for the purchase of lands and hereditaments which he settles on his son Everett, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male; £1000 each to his children; £15,000 each to his sons Geoffray William and John Guilli; £15,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Effie Gray James, Alice Sophia Caroline Millais, Sophie Jameson Millais, and Mary Hunt Millais; and £200 each to William Henry Millais and George Gray; certain amounts advanced to children are to be brought into account. The residue of his property he leaves as to one-fifteenth each for his children, except his eldest son, and the ultimate residue is to follow the trusts of the sum of £50,000.

The will (dated June 27, 1896) of Mr. George Little, of 23, Park Road, Southport, and late of Messrs. Platt

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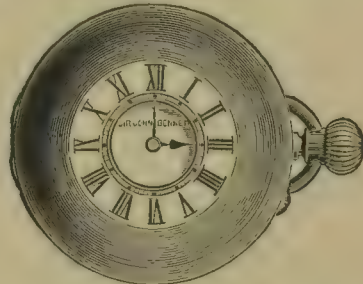
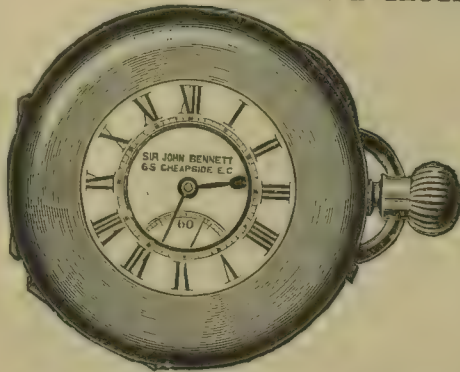
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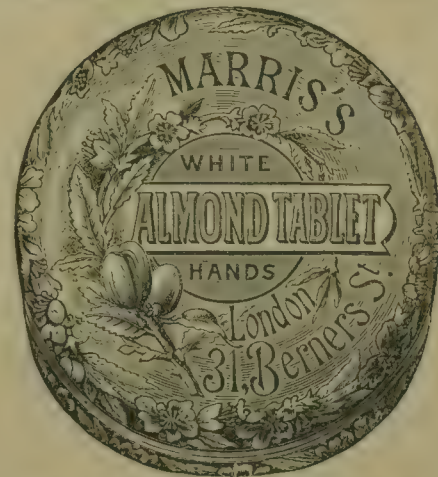
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Brothers and Co., Oldham, who died on July 24, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on Aug. 20 by Charles Arthur Hempstock and Miss Lucy Ellen Little, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £93,824. The testator gives £400, his house with the furniture, jewels, loose cash, and bank notes therein, all his Two-and-Three-quarter per Cent. Consolidated Stock and 200 shares of Platt Brothers and Co., to his daughter Lucy Ellen Little; his two houses in Leyland Road, Southport, and 200 shares of Platt Brothers and Co. to his son Arthur Haseltine Little; £3500, upon trust, for his daughter Sarah Ann Howell, for life, and then to his granddaughter, Edith Anne Hamilton; £300 to the said Edith Anne Hamilton; £104 per annum to his son Benjamin Little, for life, £200 to and 75 shares in Platt Brothers and Co., upon trust for, his daughter Fanny Whiteley; £100 to Charles Arthur Hempstock; and £250 to Harriet Morner. The residue of his property he leaves between his children (except his son Benjamin and his daughter Sarah Ann Howell) in equal shares.

The disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 17, 1888) of Mr. Alexander Turnbull, of 80, Belsize Park, South Hampstead, who died on July 30, was proved on Oct. 24 by Dr. David Turnbull Smith, the nephew, William Lorimer, Robert Hogg, and Mrs. Elizabeth Turnbull, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £54,838. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to Mary Alice Hordman and Mary Willan; £1000 each to Dugald Macfie, John Graham Macfie, and Jessie Campbell;

£2500 to — Turnbull, the son of his deceased brother Archibald; £2500 to his sister-in-law Elizabeth Turnbull; £100 each to the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Chapel, Kingston, Jamaica, and the St. John's Wood Presbyterian Chapel, Marlborough Place; his house, with the furniture, etc., and £25,000, upon trust, for his wife; and £10,000, upon trust, for his sister Elizabeth Smith. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half, upon trust, for his wife, and the other half, upon trust, for his said sister Elizabeth Smith.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1892), of Mr. Calverly Bewicke, of Close House, Wylam-on-Tyne, Northumberland, who died on Sept. 5, was proved on Oct. 23 by Walter Shubrick Godolphin Quicke and Edmund Thomas Moore Teesdale, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £51,885. The testator gives £1000 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Evelyn Bewicke, and she is also to have the use of his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses until his eldest son attains the age of twenty-one, when she is to receive a further sum of £2000, and his son the said furniture and effects. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children (other than his eldest son, who will succeed to the property limited by the will of testator's father) as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1882) of the Rev. Montague James Taylor, of 43, Beaufort Gardens, Brompton, for many years chairman of the Committee of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, who died on June 29, has been proved by

Major-General Arthur Henry Taylor and Ernest Henry Taylor, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £24,259. The testator gives £300 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Ann Taylor, and devises his freehold cottage near the Vicarage of Harrold, Beds, to his son Arthur. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1894), with a codicil (dated Jan. 8, 1895) of the Right Hon. George Denman, formerly one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, of 8, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 24 by George Lewis Denman and Arthur Denman, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £12,527. The testator gives thirty shares in the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society to his son George, and fifty of such shares to his son Arthur. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Denman, her heirs and assigns absolutely.

The will of Dame Blanche Falkiner, of The Wigwam, Bourne End, Berks, widow, who died on May 14, was proved on Oct. 19 by Sir William George Montagu Call, Bart., the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £2998.

The will and two codicils of Miss Agnes Rosa Samuel, of 13, Upper Hamilton Terrace, who died on Aug. 6, were proved on Oct. 15 by Harry Sylvester Samuel, the brother, and Assur Keyser, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3056.

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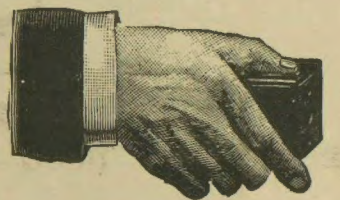
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressed a meeting of Bristol Conservatives on Oct. 29, while Mr. T. W. Russell, Parliamentary Secretary to the Irish Local Government Board, spoke in Tyrone upon measures for the benefit of Ireland. Next day Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Stirling, discussed before the Scottish constituency Lord Rosebery's retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party. The Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, at Birmingham on Oct. 28, presided over the jubilee meeting of a local debating society; he received on Oct. 30 a deputation asking for the grant of superannuation allowance to teachers in elementary schools; and on the Saturday Mr. Chamberlain was elected Lord Rector of

Glasgow University by a majority of 234 students' votes over Mr. Augustine Birrell.

The Norwood Centre of the St. John's Ambulance Association was favoured on Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, with the presence of their Royal Highnesses Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, to distribute the medallions and certificates for skill and knowledge in the treatment of bodily accidental injuries and sudden disease.

At Bolton, in Lancashire, on Oct. 28, Sir Philip Magnus, one of the Government Royal Commissioners of Inquiry concerning technical education on the Continent in 1884, distributed prizes at the local technical school, and gave an instructive account of the management of

manufacturing industry and the training and studies for such employment in German States and towns.

At Fort Sandeman, on the Beloochistan frontier; two officers, Lieutenant Robert H. M. Yeates, R.E., and Lieutenant Oliver L. Downes, 7th Bombay Lancers, were killed on Oct. 28 by a Sepoy "running amuck," insane or intoxicated, who also killed two native soldiers and wounded Lieutenant T. R. MacLachlan, of the 40th Bengal Infantry.

Renewed public entertainment licenses were granted on Friday, by the London County Council, to Olympia, the Empire, the Oxford Music Hall, the Pavilion, and the Alhambra; and to the Palace Theatre, with certain restrictions upon the use of the promenade.

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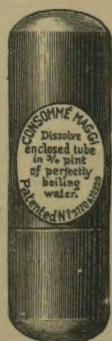
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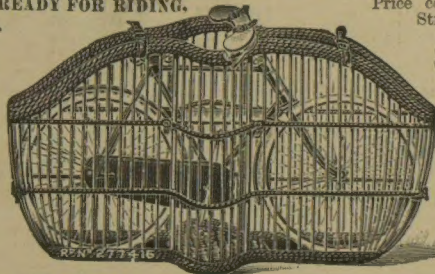
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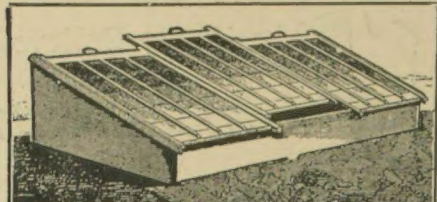
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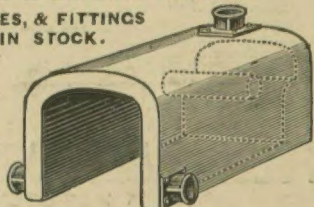
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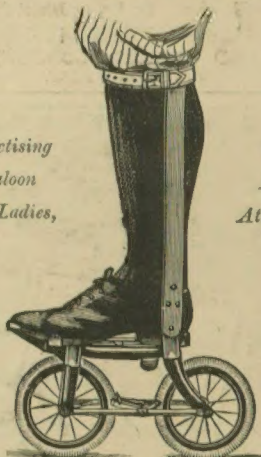


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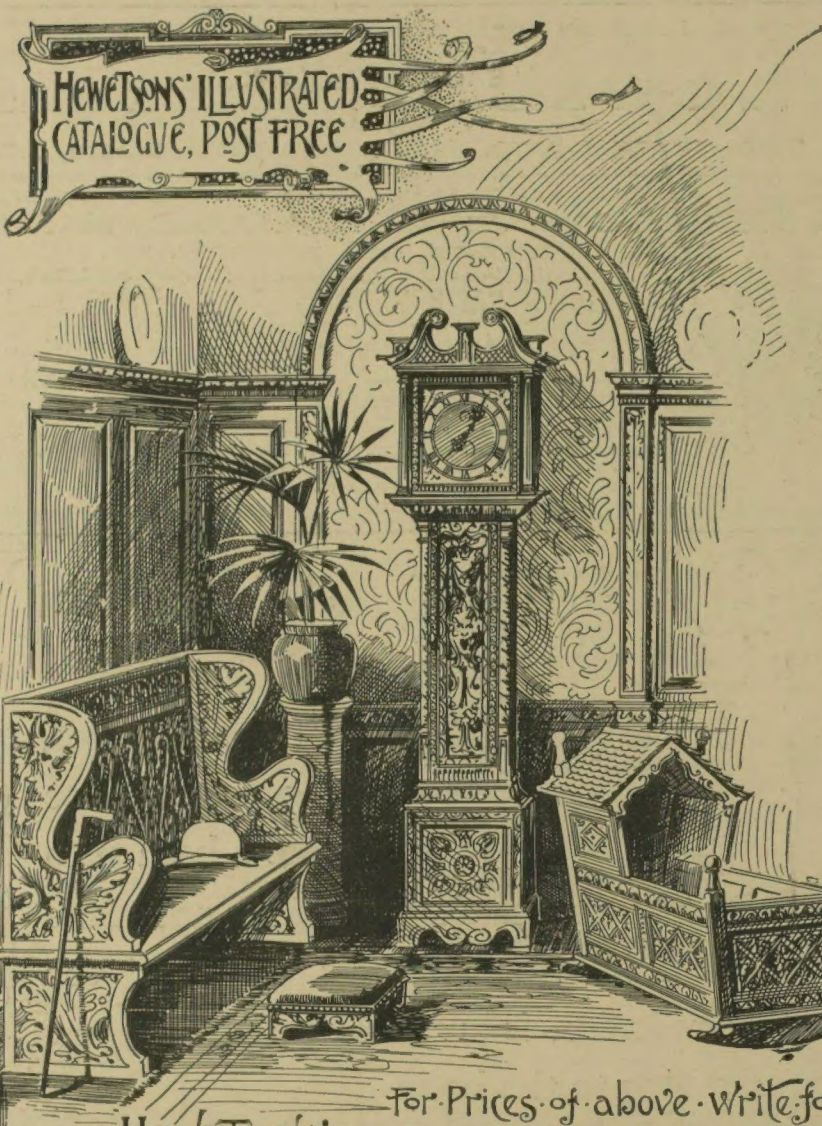
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